



# *The American* LEGION

M O N T H L Y

FEBRUARY 1934

25 CENTS



HOW GOES *the* NAVY ?  
*By Frederick Palmer*





# smart people drink Schlitz

• Its marvelous flavor has won astonishing acclaim, particularly from the younger set. American youth is alert to the newest mode, discriminating in taste, positive in opinion. The verdict of youth is for SCHLITZ. As youth goes, so goes the world. • The brilliance, the clarity, the full flavor, the mellow smoothness of SCHLITZ in Brown Bottles support its fame. The pleasant after effect from drinking SCHLITZ is a tribute to its purity. • Completed fermentation at the brewery is the result of precise, scientific control in the brewing processes. SCHLITZ is a distinguished beer, easily assimilated, healthful, nerve soothing and what a flavor! • Smart people drink SCHLITZ and smart places serve it.



## Schlitz

### *In Brown Bottles*

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

FEBRUARY, 1934

VOL. 16, No. 2



# The American LEGION MONTHLY



*Published Monthly by The Legion Publishing Corporation, 455 West 22d Street, Chicago, Illinois*

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES  
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

EXECUTIVE OFFICES  
Indianapolis, Indiana

WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE  
307 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Editorial and Advertising Correspondence Should be Addressed  
to the New York Offices, All Other Mail to Indianapolis

COVER DESIGN: COLUMN FORMATION

THEY'LL BET YOU'RE HONEST

*Cartoon by George Shanks*

HOW GOES THE NAVY?

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN!

*Illustration by Charles Sarka*

N. R. A. AND CODES AND SUCH

THE BULL PINE FELL

*Illustrations by Remington Schuyler*

GOOD SOLDIERS

SO I SAYS TO BLACK JACK—

*Cartoons by A. B. Butler, Jr.*

NATIVE GRAPES AND NATIVE SUNSHINE

ONE DISABLED VETERAN'S VIEW

*Drawing by Harry Townsend*

ENGINEER (F)

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE A. E. F.

THE PRESIDENT GETS THE 4-POINT PLAN

REMEMBER THE "PLEASURE" CAR?

*Illustration by Donald McKay*

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

MAKE WAY FOR THE HELL FIRE BOYS

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## WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN ARE WITH YOU

THIS month The American Legion, representing you, is standing before Congress asking simple justice for disabled World War service men and their widows and orphans. The Legion is asking that Congress preserve that conception of the nation's duty to its defenders and their dependents which has been expressed in the words of Washington and Lincoln.

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# They'll Bet You're HONEST

Cartoon by  
George Shanks

Surety Companies Use the  
Simplest of Methods to De-  
termine Who Is a Good Risk

By Fred C. Kelly

IN THE last few years we have been astounded at the number and amount of stealings committed by old and trusted employees. But, on reflection, we know this isn't because old and trusted employees have suddenly become different from what they were before, or any less honest than other employees. When any employe steals, it is because of a combination of temptation and opportunity. An old and trusted employe who has reached a place of responsibility might be especially likely to steal because he faces often the maximum of both temptation and opportunity. It isn't the office boy who is most likely to juggle his employer's bookkeeping system in favor of himself, but, rather, the man who is in sole charge of the accounts.

It still is possible to predict human honesty—if one knows all the influences which create temptations to dishonesty. Average honesty is a question of cause and effect. Surety companies, whose business it is to lay bets on which men are going to remain honest—that is, to insure employers against loss through dishonesty of employees—believe honesty in the United States is not much different from what it has always been. If men have stolen more it is because they have been tempted more. Many more defalcations and thefts by people in high places have come to light; but all this could have been foretold if there had been enough information at hand regarding temptations which make men steal. While it might be impossible to predict the exact point at which one man would yield, it should be possible to estimate about what might be expected of the average of a large group. Individual weaknesses may stand out, but the important thing is the working of the law of averages. Though surety companies have been compelled to pay a greater percentage of losses, due to dishonesty, during the last two or three years, they continue to pin their faith to cause and effect. In future, they expect to suffer fewer losses because they will try to predict more accurately. They will aim to know more about the temptations which beset each man on whose honesty they are gambling.

There is no gainsaying that we have seen much to suggest the possibility of a New Era of Ethical Standards, or, rather, of Un-ethical Standards. We learn that in the Continental & Commercial Bank, Chicago, one young employe alone and unaided contrived to steal eight million dollars, which Lloyds, of London, on his bond, may have to pay. In Flint, Michigan, thirteen out of sixteen officers of one bank are now in jail. So many bankers, and political office-holders, have been indicted for embezzling funds, or have been charged with dishonesty in one form or another, that such news ceases to attract attention. Every bank in



Without using mirrors or even  
crystal balls

one large eastern city was about to close its doors when banks from nearby cities came to the rescue. They discovered the reason all banks in this city were practically insolvent; it was because of a common practice there of employing relatives of various bank officers at excessive salaries. A young cousin, or a nephew, of the head of the bank might be getting \$25,000 of the stockholders' money every year when perhaps he was worth only \$3,000 a year.

Meanwhile, forgeries of all kinds, and counterfeiting of stock certificates, have been greater than ever before. Hotels have gone through a distressing siege with bad checks, many of them from people who had been reliable guests, (Continued on page 56)





# Slices Off WAISTLINE FAT!

This new and very simple method is freeing thousands of people from surplus Abdominal Fat, and the Constipation, Indigestion, and general Sluggishness that so often go with it.



This is an exact tracing of an actual photograph of a 65-year-old man who can now hold his HAT between his waistline and his FORMER one! (By request, this outline-tracing is being used publicly—instead of the original photo on file.)

**N**O WONDER this remarkable new way to pare down waistlines is sweeping the country! No wonder thousands of men, in every State in the Union, have already so eagerly accepted the offer to try it without cost or risk of any kind. Here at last, for the first time, is a simple, logical, easy method for the single and specific purpose of reducing the waistline! NOT for general reduction—but for the *exclusive* use of those with surplus fat and sagging muscles in this vital center of bodily health.

Men tell how they have rid themselves of 2 to 18 inches of unwanted, unsightly "bay-window" fat this new way. They are restoring the youthful physical vigor that returns with normal slenderness even in cases where drugs, cruel diets and exhausting exercise have failed. When cases like the ones shown on this page are being duplicated time after time, is it any wonder so

many thousands of men have decided "there must be something in it".

## Constipation and Indigestion Go Quickly

This method involves none of the risk of drugs, none of the punishment of starvation diets, or strenuous exercises. In fact, one important part of it is the discovery of a new body-movement, which can be done without exertion or loss of time right at your desk—unnoticed!

There is no ridiculous flailing around with arms and legs, as prescribed in so many other "reducing" treatments. Every step is concentrated on the one point you wish to reduce—your abdomen! You simply get rid of that unwanted "bay-window" inch after inch—without in any way tiring, straining, or under-nourishing any part of your body!

## Your Waistline Is Your Lifeline!

This vital region of the body is really your "Zone of Youth"—the true center and the main source of your physical well-being. A prolapsed condition, sagging muscles, flabby folds of surplus flesh are signs of oncoming age, the result of having "let oneself go."

But now, this method (as clearly described in "The Culture of the Abdomen") not only brings this vital waistline region back to youthful slenderness but, because of its concentrated effect, it has also banished Constipation, Indigestion, General Sluggishness, Flatulence, and Daytime Drowsiness for thousands who have suffered from these conditions for years.

## "The Culture of the Abdomen"

"The Culture of the Abdomen" is the title of the famous book that fully explains this astonishingly safe, easy way to reduce your waistline. Clearly written, right to the point, and completely illustrated with photographs—this book is GUARANTEED to regain for you a slim and strong waist. It has proved it can banish the general

physical sluggishness which waistline fat so often causes, and to restore youthful alertness, exhilaration and poise. It is GUARANTEED to do this for you, just as it has done for so many others, on this very liberal FREE-TRIAL, NO-MONEY-IN-ADVANCE-OFFER:

## SEND NO MONEY

### 5 Days FREE EXAMINATION

Send no money with this coupon. Don't pay any money to the postman. We will send you "The Culture of the Abdomen" at once, on approval. Read and examine the book for 5 days. If for any reason you then decide to return it, simply do so and forget the matter. But if you feel that this remarkable new method will reduce your waistline and end such troubles as Constipation, Indigestion and Gas (as it is doing for so many others) then send us only \$1.95 plus the few cents for postage as payment in full.

If your waistline says, "You're getting fat—soft—flabby—old"—then the time to head off trouble, to fortify yourself against lost health, is NOW.

Get back into the "pink of condition": youthfully slim and fit. Revitalize your dormant stomach muscles. Build a strong, natural abdominal wall to replace sagging folds of surplus fat. You'll look younger, feel better and, based on irrefutable mortality tables, you'll add years to your life!

THIS is the time to DO something about yourself! Merely mail coupon—without money—now, NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC., Dept. 1132, Garden City, N. Y.



WASHINGTON, Aug. 24 (AP)—The men who keep their waistline small when they reach middle age are the most likely to win the race for health, is the conclusion drawn from a new study of the relation of weight to physical defects just published by the Public Health Service. "By the time that middle age is reached, these figures indicate, it is a definite advantage to be under the average weight for height," says the report. Overweight people have the worst of it in an analysis of the death rate from fifteen causes among of it in an analysis of the death rate from fifteen causes among men classified as twenty-five pounds or more underweight, "standard" or "normal" men, and those fifty pounds or more overweight.

The Official Government Survey, as quoted here from The New York Times, August 23, 1933, clearly points out the dangers of waistline fat. This research shows that "Overweight people have the worst of it in an analysis of the death rate from fifteen causes!"

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Please send me in plain wrapper, for FREE EXAMINATION, "The Culture of the Abdomen," telling how to reduce my waistline a new way, without drugs, harsh diets, or exhausting exercise. If within 5 days after receiving book I decide to return it to you, I shall do so and the trial will cost me nothing. If I decide to keep the book, I will send you within 5 days \$1.95, plus a few cents postage.

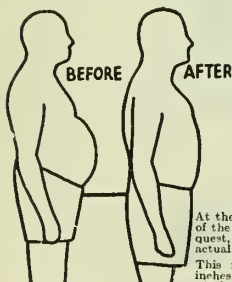
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### 6 1/4 Inches Lost

At the left is an accurate outline-tracing of the two original photos on file. By request, we are not publicly reproducing the actual photos. This man's waist measure WAS 44 1/2 inches. NOW it is 38 1/4 inches—a loss of 6 1/4 inches!



# TWO GREAT WHISKIES



IT IS NEARLY seventy years since Colonel Paul Jones mixed his first mash and fired his first still.

To the whiskey he gave his own name—and the name, too, of the fighting first admiral of the American navy. This is the whiskey you may buy today, smooth and mellow and fragrant as ever.

Worthy to stand beside Paul Jones is Antique, known during prohibition as the finest of all medicinal whiskies.

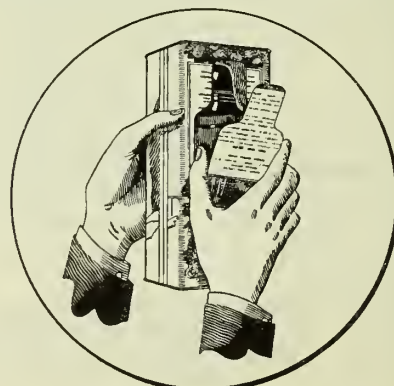
Both are products of Frankfort Distilleries, America's largest independent distilling organization. The oldest brand of this Company, Paul Jones, was started in 1865. Even during prohibition, the Company continued to operate,

under one of the seven medicinal licenses granted by the government.

## *The exclusive Frankfort Pack safeguards the quality*

The Frankfort whiskies shown here come to you sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack—a tin-top-and-bottom carton that makes tampering or adulteration impossible. This carton, used only by Frankfort, is your assurance that the whiskey you buy is the fine, pure liquor that was placed in the bottle by the distiller at his bottling plant.

In addition to Paul Jones and Antique, Frankfort offers these other superb whiskies: Four Roses, Broad Ripple, Meadville, Mattingly & Moore, Old Baker and Old Oscar Pepper. All of these whiskies are bottled only in full measure packages. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville, Baltimore.



*This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful*



# *How Goes* **THE NAVY ?**

*By Frederick Palmer*



**The fleet moves out in battle formation. This spring, for the first time in three years, the Atlantic Coast is going to see the big battleships**

**T**HIS spring our battleship fleet is coming to the Atlantic Coast. How many of us know that it has not been there for three years? Or where it has been in the meantime?

Some of us may think that the thirty new ships provided for eight months ago are already launched when, in truth, the riveting of the plates of their hulls has just begun and they will not be mounting their guns for another two years.

Only a few of the hundred and twenty million Americans who pay for our Navy ever see it except on the screen or through the eyes of a sailor on leave from that floating world which is so mysterious to a landsman.

We thrill at the newsreel's parade of the power of our battle fleet because it is our power. Then awe and horror in turn possess us as we realize the meaning of a broadside from a column of battleships, a shower of bombs from a squadron of planes or the goring explosion of a torpedo in a ship's side.

Why this mighty and costly engine of destruction which is built solely for war? Do we need a huge navy to protect us from

invasion across the oceans which separate us from other great nations?

Do we need it when war means killing, maiming, waste, misery and back-breaking debts? When war has been outlawed by the Kellogg pact? When we have been told that another world war will be the end of our civilization?

Personally, I wish that the size of our navy might be restricted to one small friendly gunboat manned by an amiable crew. It would carry no ammunition. It would fire only blank charges to salute the gunboats of other nations which also would carry no live shell and would return salutes in kind.

This would be possible in a world in which the Mussolinis had long since ceased from Mussolinizing, the Hitlers from Hitlerizing, the Bolsheviks from Bolsheviking, the French were as eager as the English to keep the Channel safe for England, the Japanese and the Chinese dwelt in the neighborliness of beatific inter-racial love, and an armed rebellion in Cuba or Morocco was as impossible as that the angels should trade their wings for machine guns.

But I yield to the view of a group of experts whom I have never heard quoted in naval propaganda and who have the most vivid and compelling personal and public reasons for hating war. We may well value their opinion more than that of the Secretary of the Navy or any admiral. We may value it more than the combined wisdom of all the naval officers' messes supported by that of the men who fly the planes silhouetted against the sky in roaring publicity, the men who man the silent, hidden, sneaking submarines, the mighty battleships or the cruiser or destroyer patrolling a Chinese river or the Cuban coast.

Yet these experts may not know the difference between a destroyer and a cruiser or between "Pipe the Sweepers!" and "General Quarters." When they have saluted a superior officer they have said "Yes, sir" and never "Aye, aye, sir."

Most of them have never been on board a naval vessel of the fighting arm. Their only long cruise has been on an army transport, their closest view of the Navy a convoy keeping the U-boats off in the submarine danger zone.

To have been in the A. E. F. is not enough to qualify them as naval experts. They must have suffered a greater agony than seasickness on their return trip.

Some of them may be bed-ridden for life, staring at the white wall of a hospital while well buddies are driving their cars past apple and cherry orchards in bloom or hills glorious in autumn coloring.

Others may have lost an arm or leg or piece of jaw and rejoice that their beans and the rest of their machinery are okay; others have been struck blind and condemned to live in darkness; others have only enough strength left from the drain of tuberculosis to totter for the last time to a long chair in the sun, others may be sound of body, but war has unseated their minds and left them babbling maniacs.

Those who are not insane read a good deal. The blind listen to the radio. Most disabled men have leisure for serious thinking. They have heard it said that if we had begun, at the outbreak of the World War, the immense building program which we began in 1917, American sailors would have been nearer the trenches than any American soldier. The Navy could have saved us from having to send two millions of soldiers to France, and from our huge war debt.

In that event, our totally and partially disabled men would be sturdy, self-reliant, earning citizens instead of dependents, and the country would not have had to build new hospitals for their care. They do not want the vigorous youth of a later generation to be crippled as they are. Nor do the mothers of the youth of

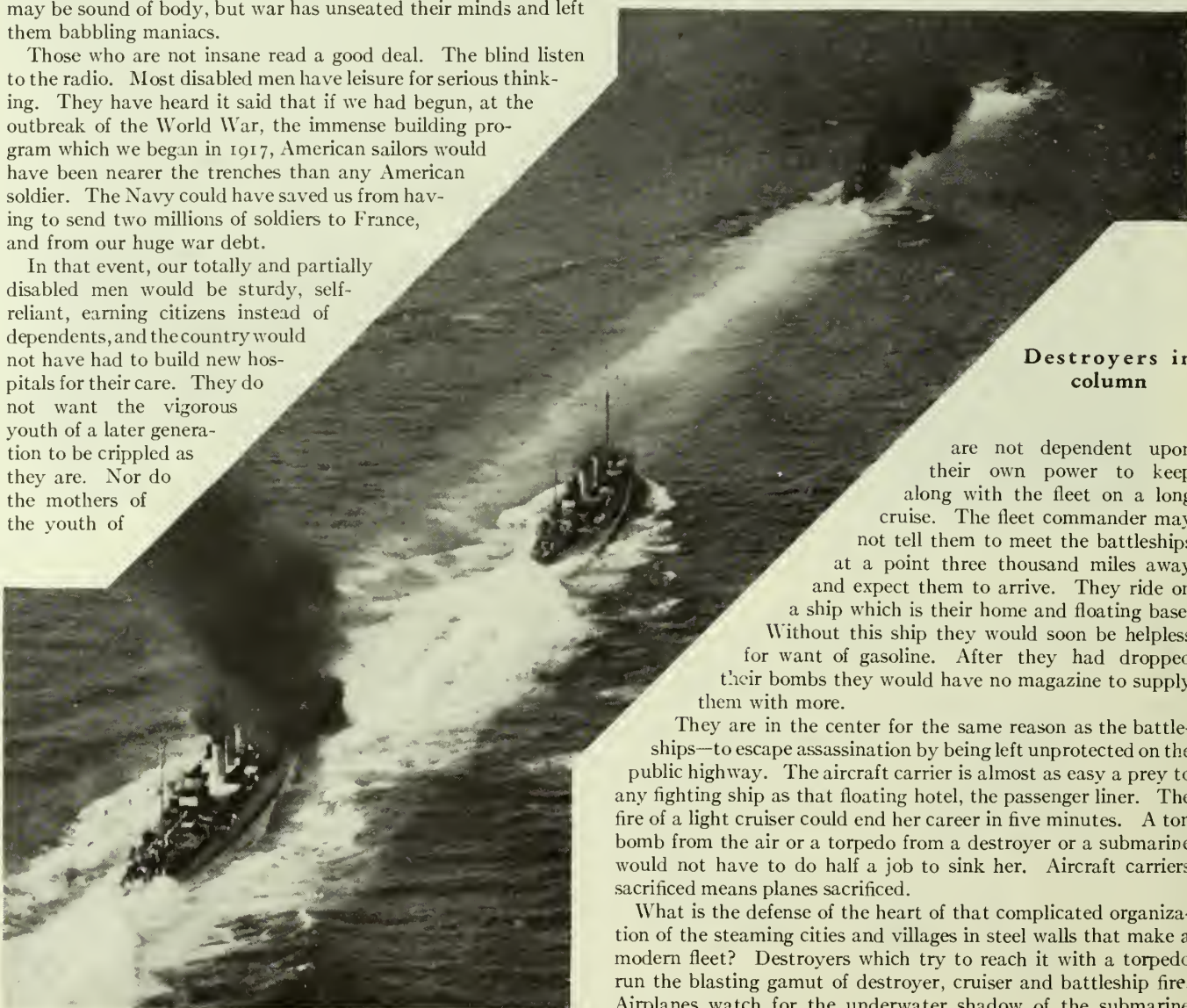
today. Women voters, when they consider the state of the nation, have a special reason for including the state of the Navy. Unless they are ambitious to be Gold Star Mothers they are thoughtless citizens if they do not keep track of where the Navy is and what it is doing and how efficient and adequate it is.

All our battleships and other fighting ships, our planes and supply ships are kept together because they must go into action as a whole. Otherwise we might be beaten in detail by the combined strength of an enemy. Our Navy is concentrated on the West Coast within reach of the lonely Hawaiian island group, our Pacific outpost.

When we see a column of battleships on the newsreel we wonder if the plane has not made them obsolete. Are not squadrons of aerial bombers enough to keep us out of the trenches in the future if this is really within naval power? The answer to that is revealed to the aviator's eye as he flies over the fleet steaming in battle formation.

For the newsreel cannot show the fleet as a whole. The fleet occupies such an immense area that most of the ships would appear as no larger than chips on the water. In the center of the ring of cruisers, destroyers and submarines are the battleships which they guard as flankers guard a column of infantry marching in close order. This makes the heavily armored giants of the Navy appear as fragile as eggs in a basket, in spite of their sixteen-inch guns.

In the center with the battleships are the truly fragile aircraft carriers—the fleet's actual basket of eggs—with their spread of platform decks half masked with plane wings when the planes are not in flight. For the fighters, scouts and bombers of the air



**Destroyers in column**

are not dependent upon their own power to keep along with the fleet on a long cruise. The fleet commander may not tell them to meet the battleships at a point three thousand miles away and expect them to arrive. They ride on a ship which is their home and floating base. Without this ship they would soon be helpless for want of gasoline. After they had dropped their bombs they would have no magazine to supply them with more.

They are in the center for the same reason as the battleships—to escape assassination by being left unprotected on the public highway. The aircraft carrier is almost as easy a prey to any fighting ship as that floating hotel, the passenger liner. The fire of a light cruiser could end her career in five minutes. A ton bomb from the air or a torpedo from a destroyer or a submarine would not have to do half a job to sink her. Aircraft carriers sacrificed means planes sacrificed.

What is the defense of the heart of that complicated organization of the steaming cities and villages in steel walls that make a modern fleet? Destroyers which try to reach it with a torpedo run the blasting gamut of destroyer, cruiser and battleship fire. Airplanes watch for the underwater shadow of the submarine





### No navy that expects to survive puts its entire trust in surface craft

which carries its dagger under a cloak. Then destroyers speed to the spot to drop their depth charges.

Combat planes attack the bombers. Streams of anti-aircraft gunfire rise from the rings around the aircraft carrier before the anti-aircraft batteries of the battleship and the aircraft carrier are themselves in action. Anti-aircraft gunfire is now effective at a height of thirty thousand vertical feet. The twelve seconds required in 1918 to get on the target after it is located have been reduced to less than two. One battery will make a hit as soon as forty in the World War. In recent years the defense against planes has developed more rapidly than their offensive power.

But the battleship itself, which might be injured by air bombs or by torpedoes if they can get at her, is the great protector of the aircraft carrier. Her shells carry twenty-five miles; firing may begin at that range in the next great naval battle. The only hope of other ships against her is flight. One battleship can silence the fire of all the cruisers of any navy. Anyone who enters the gates of hell by air or water on the way to the center of a fleet better kiss life goodbye. If he should happen to survive the surprise would be the more pleasant.

For years now the arm of the air has been tried out in naval

battle maneuvers. When naval officers agree on a point as a result of battle practice their forecast almost invariably turns out right in actual warfare. There is no more talk in naval circles that the plane has made the battleship obsolete. But a fleet that had no planes against a fleet that had would be blinded, deprived of a mighty weapon and mortally handicapped.

Officers of all naval branches are proud of the Navy's aircraft. They are sure it is better than that of any other navy. We held out against the experiment of other navies in uniting army and navy aircraft under one head—which they are now deserting—and grooved our naval aircraft into strictly naval needs in intimate technical teamplay.

Aircraft is simply a great indispensable auxiliary arm when there must be no weak link in the chain of teamplay. What would an army do without machine guns and tanks? The destroyers and submarines may be said to play their part for the Navy. And what without light mobile artillery? The cruisers play its part. The battleship not only carries the Big Bertha. It is the doughboy of the sea. Just as only the infantry can take and hold the land so the battleship alone can take and hold the sea.

Teamplay? The human element which masters the mechanical and scientific technique of the floating war-factories is the source of all teamplay. In military parlance this is referred to as personnel. All of us in the Army in 1917-18 from Pershing and March down were personnel. If you got to feeling important in your uniform you had only to recall that you were just an atom of personnel to find your overseas cap was not too large for you.

What of naval personnel in the year 1934? What of the quality, spirit, industry, efficiency of the Americans who labor out of sight in steel walls, offshore or on sea stretches? Are we up to proud traditions? The officers have convincing evidence that the thorough educational processes of the Naval Academy are not slipping. Since there was no room for them in the Navy half of last

year's graduates of Annapolis had to be turned back to civil life. Practically all got jobs, even in the Depression.

Not only the mistake of  
(Continued on page 54)



**Ramming a shell home. It takes less than two seconds to get on a target in the Navy these days**

# STOP, LOOK, *and* LISTEN!

*By Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr.*

## What Some of the "Children's" Radio Programs Are Doing to American Children Is Everybody's Business

N OBODY has adequately eulogized the delights of that peaceful hour before dinner when, on chill winter afternoons, a man after his honest day's work may relax into his pet overstuffed chair in front of the fire and lose himself in a good book. It is the most satisfactory sixty minutes in the day. At least, I used to think so.

But last year a great big fly landed plop in my ointment. When winter closed down and I could no longer putter until dusk at the flower beds and the woodpile, I expected the accustomed hour of peace. Instead, the radio was going all the while.

Not soothing programs or programs that could be ignored. Noisy programs. Blatant programs. Machine guns and ambulance sirens and the shrieks of strong men in distress. Lovely ladies sobbing as gangsters threatened them with worse than death. Conspirators whispering, in tones that could be heard a furlong, how to get this shipment of dope past the coast guard. Shrill little boys and even shriller little girls whispering how they would foil the plot. Maltreated orphans sobbing their hearts out at indignities poured upon them by elderly tyrants who seemed to have stepped right out of Dickens.

Was this orgy of battle, murder, and rapine designed for us great strong men who became hardened to it in the trenches, on the North Sea or in the steam-heated cantonments of 1918? Guess again, dear reader. As Longfellow so aptly remarked, between the dark and the daylight when the night is beginning to lower comes a pause in the day's occupation that is known as the children's hour (Station WBBM and associated stations speaking). The saplings of our family tree had developed the time-honored habit of congregating in the living room. But instead of burying their innocent little noses in Deadwood Dick or Peter Rabbit, after the good old family tradition, they had set up a new custom of their own. They turned on the radio at that forced-draft volume which so soothes juvenile ears. Seated in their favorite chairs, or more usually teetering on the edges, they regaled their bloodthirsty tastes with as harrowing a selection of knavery and violence as ever came the way of a Caribbean buccaneer.

After the fashion of parents, I might have paid no attention if I had not been inconvenienced. At first I told them to tune it down. Then I told them to tune it down some more. Finally I urged them to draw up their chairs before the blamed radio and get it low enough so I could not hear it. But it would not down. Machine guns and sirens simply will be heard, no matter how low the tuning. And after a couple of such sessions, it began to dawn on the conscious fraction of my mind that here was something which perhaps might better not be ignored.

So for the rest of that week I listened. Not frankly. No, rearing a family has, I hope, filled me with more guile than that. I continued to glue my eyes to the book and occasionally turned a page lest suspicious little brains ferret out my base designs. But my ears were cocked to miss no inflection of the radio actors, and at moments of greatest dramatic stress I risked a furtive glance toward the three young faces clustered before the loud speaker. Shameful deceit, do you say? Granted. But spying is permissible in some circumstances, and these seemed of that sort. I was determined to find out what mental diet was being served to my

offspring, and to observe just how the three were digesting it.

The end of my spying came unexpectedly one evening. Unblinking I had listened to a tribe of Indians howling like moon-struck wolves, to a trio of young Americans shamelessly stealing the golden treasure of a hardworking Inca tribe, to a woman who told good stories and sang unobjectionable little songs in a sugary soprano—this last only after a fight in which Carol, aged four, had routed Bill, aged eleven. Bill held out for a program which last evening had signed off as two meddlesome little boys and a girl had been locked deep below by the evil crew that was running a load of trussed Chinamen to the Florida keys. By sabotage Carol so interfered with his choice that finally he gave in. So far as we know, the smugglers still have those nosey little tattle-tales in their hold.

Fourth on the afternoon's chosen programs came one in which, after the customary exhortation that the listeners compel mother to buy them Bowser's Milk-and-Egg if they wish to grow big and strong like a dog, the orphaned heroine entered sobbing. During the past week I had conceived a deep, shameful hatred for this heroine, the more shameful because by her words and actions one knew she believed herself a really nice little girl. To be sure, she spoke through her nose in shrill tones like nothing human, and she struck me as both a braggart and a cry-baby. I had known her for a good ten years in the comic strips, and if she isn't twenty by now then I'm the drummer boy of Appomattox. Why they have not run her out of the orphan asylum long years ago and forced her to make her own living I still do not understand.

Anyhow, this evening she came on the air sobbing because the boss woman of the orphanage would not let some poor but honest farmers adopt her. She yowled and sniveled continuously for the first seven minutes of the program, and it was a toss-up which of us would first have a nervous break-down, she or I. She won. I burst out of my ambush shouting, "Shut off that doggoned program! Shut it off! Now! Shut it off, will you!"

ALL the books on child psychology say never to issue any orders to the little dears while you are angry. As soon as I could speak coherently I handed down final judgment. "Bill, after this you can have just one program—the So-and-so. You and Carol can have the Thus-and-so Hour. Carol and Marcia can have the This-and-that Program. And that's all the children's radio programs we're going to have, because they are the only ones you like that are fit to hear. What's more, if I find you listening to other programs at somebody else's house, you don't get these. Now go torture the cat, or let the air out of the tires, or something equally innocent. Daddy wants to read in peace."

Next evening at a party one of the neighbors brought up this subject of his own accord. "Mary

*Illustration by  
Charles Sarka*





Pirates, gangsters shooting it out with the police, dope smugglers—these are too often standard fare for juvenile radio listeners

and I were sitting in the living room the other night, reading quietly. All of a sudden ten-year-old Howard, upstairs in bed, began yelling. 'Help! They're killing me! Help! He-e-elp!' Boy, I made it upstairs in three jumps. Howard was just waking up. What do you suppose was the matter? He was dreaming one of the radio children's hours all over, and he was scared stiff. We had noticed for the past week that he was jumpy and nervous. Well, we told him, 'No more radio programs for you, young man.' You'd be astonished to see how he has calmed down—though he still is edgy. I'd like to wring somebody's neck for putting that stuff on the air for children."

A few days later at a friend's house I casually asked my dinner partner, "How are the kids?"

"Haven't you seen them lately?" she countered. "They're all right. But you're missing something if you don't see Jimmy. He's been listening to that pirate hour on the radio until he thinks he's a pirate. He stumps around with one leg stiff, he talks out

of the side of his mouth, he is the toughest little egg you ever saw. Actually, he's got me worried. I tried telling him he couldn't listen to it, and then I found he was going over to Pete's and listening there. So now he's listening to it at home again. He actually thinks those characters are estimable gentlemen, and they're as real to him as anyone could be. And of all the blood-and-thunder claptrap you ever heard. . . ."

After that I kept my ears open, and even introduced children's radio into conversations. Half the fathers and all the mothers were up in arms about some of the programs. All of them considered many of the programs good, a few excellent, more passable. But all of them felt that at least half the programs to which their children listened were downright objectionable. Most of them admitted the problem had them licked, and the rest of us were not too sure of our own solutions. It was surprising how many of us had independently decided never to buy a can of Bowser's Milk-and-Egg, or a carton of (Continued on page 48)





Baruch

# NRA *and*

CONTINUING his series of studies of "History Under Our Eyes," initiated in the January number, Mr. James, Pulitzer Prize winner in biography, now examines the origin and development of the National Recovery Administration and traces its adventures during recent

*By Marquis*

WHEN a difference in degree progresses until it becomes a difference in kind, evolution may be said to have performed the work of revolution. Democracies are so constituted that revolutions may be brought about by these orderly means, achieving virtually the same results as do other countries by violent means. There is nothing to fear in the word or the fact of an evolved, or orderly, revolution, though a few people persist in trying to scare us with that word.

In this country there have been several revolutions, political and economic, since the surrender of Cornwallis terminated the only American revolution that popularly goes by that name. Only one of these was a violent revolution—the Civil War. The great result of the Civil War as it affected the bread-and-butter lives of the people was not the perpetuation of the political union of the States, but the new economic order introduced to the South. The violence of this revolution would have been avoided except for the mischievous activity of Hotspurs on both sides. Moral considerations aside, when the arithmetic of economics is taken into account, by no possible exercise of the imagination could slavery have endured for another twenty years after 1360. It was too clumsy a form of labor for the refinements of the mechanized age, then dawning.

By speeding up the processes of evolution we are now in the throes of a revolution almost as sweeping as that achieved in the sixties, and destined to be quite as enlightened and beneficial in its results. We are removing predatory factors as antiquated and ill-suited to current requirements as slavery had become. We are doing this with more than normal haste because the crisis demands it. The period between the end of the World War and 1929 had been a most reactionary one, with all sorts of brakes on progress to which we were blinded by a spurious prosperity. We heeded neither the signs of the times nor the warnings of the perspicacious, and in 1929 our smug world came to an end. But for three years we tried to muddle through and somehow patch up and restore the old order. Like most such attempts at restoration, this did not succeed. New thoughts and new forces shouldered their way to the front. Mr. Roosevelt was possessed of sufficient acumen to understand some of them and sufficient political skill to mould them attractively into vote-getting issues—which, after all, is as much as a candidate can do. As President he has shown a much higher order of statesmanship, and a great store of courage, in his tremendous efforts to translate them into realities.



Hearst

A competent witness, Mr. W. R. Hearst, once

said that the public memory is nine days long. He might have said with equal truth that the public can fix its attention on only one thing at a time, even for those figurative nine days.

In the multitudinous program of the New Deal we have had thrown at us not one thing but a hundred. Only to a few of these have we really paid much attention, and then only to about one of them at a time. First it was the banking crisis, then the brain trust, then the NRA, then for an instant the AAA, then Repeal, then Russia. At the present writing it is the hydra-headed monetary question, involving the price of gold, the "commodity" dollar and the flight of American capital to London.



Ford

When these lines are read it will be something else, possibly the fight for and against inflation, though this is a bad season for guessers.

Of all the headlines that one time or another since last March have been the momentary object of the spotlight, none threw its partners of the New Deal more completely in the shadows or directed more single-minded attention to itself than the NRA, which

blue-eagled and spread-eagled itself beneath current history's proscenium last June. Those bright and brave blue eagle flags of last summer have worn themselves to tatters, and not always have fresh ones taken their places. The stickers on windows and windshields have faded. The parades are over, the slogans forgotten, the shouting has ceased even in echo. Do we recall the salutatory outburst of General Hugh S. Johnson, who on the first of July said that the blue eagle would have 4,000,000 unemployed back at work by Labor Day? Not many of us do, perhaps, without jogging our memories, for being optimists by nature we try to forget unfulfilled expectations and hitch our hopes to the most recently discovered nine-day wonder in the galaxy of the New Deal.

On Labor Day we aroused ourselves from our emotional jæg long enough to note that not 4,000,000 but only about 2,000,000 persons had gone back to work. Rumblings of criticism were heard—wrangling over codes and revolts by labor in the form of strikes. Was NRA aiding or retarding recovery? Presently critics came out in the open. Henry Ford declined to sign the Automobile Code and General Johnson exchanged his government-owned Lincoln—fortuitously old and due to be traded in, anyhow—for a Cadillac. Alfred E. Smith and Mr. Hearst drew knives from their belts and made a few spectacular passes at



# CODES *and* SUCH

tumultuous months. Without partisan bias and without personal prejudice, Mr. James is seeking in these articles to reduce the drama of recent and contemporary America to an ordered picture—to turn news into history while it is still news—in a thoroughly judicial temper

*James*



**Smith**

This impression is susceptible of the criticism of not being true. Although it has imperfections, and grave ones, although it is out of the limelight, the National Recovery Administration never was in a stronger position and never had done better work than it was doing on the eve of the year 1934.

More than any one institution or activity of the hundred things that compose the New Deal, it is pushing evolution to the point of desirable revolution to the end that there may be a more equal distribution of the good things of the earth amongst us all. Industry was not stampeded by the drums and the pageants and the rising of the masses under the banner of the blue eagle last summer. Industry instinctively distrusts such manifestations. But now that things have quieted down, industry is beginning to comprehend the workings of the new economic set-up which must replace the old if we are to climb out of the pit of 1920. It is pulling for and with NRA as it has not done before. But instead of accomplishing miracles in sixty days the NRA program will be five or six years in attaining the ideals that are its goal. This does not mean that a return to prosperity will be postponed until then. As I wrote in these columns last month, world recovery is under way and the United States is leading the procession.



**Ickes**

NRA. We looked on and some of us nodded approvingly, but few were very much hot and bothered one way or another. In the popular estimation NRA was now a star of the third magnitude, and in the kaleidoscopic panorama of events newer and more engaging events claimed our notice. But there was a certain feeling, and this feeling obtains at this writing, that since we do not hear so much of it any more, NRA must have more or less fizzled.



**Johnson**

believed him. Perhaps we should have believed him anyhow, for Hugh Johnson is a remarkable man—the most colorful and one of the most arresting personages on Washington's crowded stage today. Behind him, in the shadows as always, stood the silent but active figure of Bernard M. Baruch, late chairman of the War Industries Board, the NRA of 1918. Sponsored by a publicity organization which for size, talent and energy has not been equaled since the days of George Creel and the Liberty Loans, the blue eagle winged thus its way into this apperceptive world.

In Washington, the blue eagle's aerie, the first notable benefits accrued to the hotel proprietors. Early in August your correspondent presented himself at a hotel at which he had stopped six months before and had spent a lonely week, the chief consolation being that rooms were marked down to half price. On my return the size of the crowd in the lobby suggested that there must be a fire in the house. But it was not a fire. NRA was the cause of the hustle and bustle and the looks of anxiety on so many countenances. The first person I recognized was Charles M. Schwab of Bethlehem Steel, appearing, by contrast to the general milieu, as cool as a cucumber. I was told that if I stood still in any one place I should see half a dozen other captains of steel within thirty minutes. For the steel industry had leased an entire floor to accommodate its notables who had come to town to discuss a steel code with Hugh Johnson.

At other hotels the scenes were similar. In this one the bituminous coal people had a floor, that one was overrun by oil magnates, in others the potentates of automobiles, sugar, electrical appliances, shipbuilding and cloaks and suits held forth. Lesser fry found quarters where they could, there to rub elbows with the emissaries of wall paper, salt, corsets and brassieres, photographers' supplies, cast-iron pipe, peach canners, laundry and dry cleaning, fishing tackle, gasoline pumps and structural clay products—all in Washington on the same errand. Three men or eighty might comprise the delegation of an industry. Each delegation was attended by a retinue of experts, some of whom were harassed-looking gentlemen indeed. (Continued on page 52)



**Schwab**



*Highjohnny, Woodsman  
Extraordinary, Finds  
the Way of a Maid with a  
Couple of Men Harder  
to Figure Than  
Anything in  
His Experience*



# The BULL PINE by Ladd Haystead Fell

"Hi! Hi! Dat long boy go for to see someone wit' a smile down to Old Man Drake's camp," Jean Baptiste, the bandy-legged sawyer, called from the rear of the procession.

"Ay'll take Lena," Big Sorenson boomed out while a roar greeted his sally.

Big Sorenson got very drunk one paynight years ago. He was in love with a girl of his own nationality. No one knew where she lived and no one had seen her but all the north woods knew Big Sorenson's devotion. A drunken miner loaded with dust and very sentimental had tried to pry Big Sorenson off the floor to give him a deerskin bag of dust worth perhaps a thousand dollars. But Big Sorenson had merely grunted and told the miner that he would take Lena, then gone off to sleep again. Now, it was a woods classic.

Highjohnny merely smiled good-naturedly at the kidding. He was used to it. If a fellow wanted to get along in the big woods he had to learn to take the endless raillery. The more popular he was, the more kidding he'd get.

At four that afternoon the crew from Camp Six howled out their own announcement to the still waters of Lake Mart'. At the same

**A** MAGNIFICENT dawn of gold clouds and cedar-red streamers was breaking over the peaks in high country, when the foreman of Camp Six bellowed out the start-order to his forty-odd timber jacks. A hoarse roar answered him. Somebody started an old Canuck song as the huge men, children for a day, rolled down the trail between cloud-touching tamarack and straight-backed spruce. Camp Six was off for the mill on the shores of Lake Mart' to celebrate the loggers' greatest holiday, the Fourth of July.

Well in the lead, striding along happily in his bear greased boots with sharpened caulks, was Highjohnny Blake. It was eight years to a day since Highjohnny at sixteen was whistle punk for Old Man Drake and had first met the lumberman's pride and joy, Barbara, aged fourteen. On this anniversary Highjohnny expected something would happen that would change his life as much as the original meeting had. He was very happy in the thought.





*Illustrations by  
Remington Schuyler*

**He muscled the anvil  
over his head**

time, Old Man Drake who was standing on the head sawyer's platform turned and saw them coming from the woods trail. He grabbed the whistle wire. A long, belching howl came from the donkey's brass whistle. Immediately, the whine of the saws, the rush of the carriage, and the shrill squeal of the header went into mournful diminuendos.

Men jumped from their places by the saws and machines and hurried out to form a group to welcome their friends from the woods who sent down the logs the mill turned into lumber. The red headed mule skinner on the drag-up jumped into the air, cracked his heels three times and lit cussing in doggerel, his greatest accomplishment, while a large grin spread over his homely face.

"Hiya! Camp Six come down to whup the hell outa this yere bunch o' ole women," the foreman hollered.

"Welcome, boys," Old Man Drake hollered back in his best bull bellow. "Mill's closed down 'til the fifth. Camp Six takes the long bunkhouse they was in last year. The Doctor is hittin' the grub saw at five o'clock. And—"

He paused, while men from both the mill and Camp Six looked at him with grins. They all knew what was coming. Old Man Drake let a slight smile crease his leathery visage while he hunched his huge shoulders suggestively, "—no one's to cross the dead line toward the ladies' tents after six o'clock."

A roar of thanks, ribald remarks, and general lightheartedness answered the lumberman who had once been a timber dancer himself. The men fraternized and moved off in straggling groups to the line of log longhouses to the south of the mill and beyond the curing yards. Old Man Drake turned north where were the cook shanty, his log office and home combined, and beyond that a row of white tents set up on the lake shore. The latter were for

the lady guests who would be coming down the lake pretty soon in the mill's launch.

Each year, Old Man Drake's daughter invited all the sweethearts of the men who wanted to come, a group of her own friends from the school she went to in winters, and brought them to the mill for the holiday. When this had first started back in those days when Highjohnny met her, Old Man Drake had set the deadline by a big bull pine, halfway between his house and the tents. No jack could cross that line during the time the ladies were in camp.

Thus did Old Man Drake assure the timorous mothers of heirless daughters that their offspring would be completely safe at the primitive lumber camp. Old Man Drake privately would snort and rear at this invention of his. He'd tell his cronies down in Portland that if those fool girls only had the good luck to know nothing but loggers and lumberjacks all their lives, they'd never know what an insult was. Get more of that from any country club dance than they ever would in a lifetime in the woods.

Once Jean Baptiste, down from a woods camp for the holiday, had crossed the deadline while drunk. His intention was to find his own bunk but he walked in the wrong direction. Old Man Drake didn't ask his intention until afterward.

He had run for the wavering man, bellowing threats. Jean Baptiste, a north woods master of La Savate, had thrown his heels toward Old Man Drake's chin. The lumberman ducked and caught an outflung foot. Twice around his head he swung the little man like a hammer thrower, then released him.

Arizona Jones with some others had seen the affair and had come up running. Arizona hauled a steel tape from his pocket and waded out in the lake where Jean Baptiste was threshing about.

"Hol' still, yuh damned idiot," Arizona yelled, wallowing toward him, the steel tape paying out behind.

Arizona read the markings on the tape which was held by another jack on the shore. "Forty-two feet," he called, "that's five foot better than yuh did last year, Pop, on that Polack fellow."

Everybody laughed and Old Man Drake accepted the now



thoroughly sober explanation of a watered down Jean Baptiste. But no one had tried to find out since if Old Man Drake was still in form when it came to tossing men into the lake.

The deep, lasting, gong-sound of the big circular saw hung beside the cook shanty boomed. A dash for the long, low mess hall was won by a lithe Canuck. Inside, the oil-cloth-covered tables were stacked high with steaming plates of food.

The roar of conversation gave way to a huge smacking as piles of green corn, washtubs full of boiled potatoes, a whole beef barbecued, rock bass from the lake by the dozen, corn bread by the square yard and coffee literally by the gallon disappeared. In a half hour, enough food to feed ten times as many ordinary men had gone. There was a breathing spell while the conversation rose. A look of great anticipation was on every face.

The swinging kerosene lamps smoked and flickered. The talk was mostly boasts of what the rival camps and various individuals would do in the field events the following day. Then, the doctor and four cookies appeared with arms heaped high with pie tins. Shouts and roars greeted this act for Doc Brown, "the best cook on the Coast," was serving his annual masterpiece, a half of a blueberry pie to every jack.

After the pie was gone and more coffee drunk, foul smelling pipes smoked up. In groups, the men tramped from the dining hall to wander down to the dock. Soon the dock rails were lined with dark figures that smoked, talked and peered down the lake. The lights of the Barbara II should flicker out there any moment now.

Highjohnny did not sit on a rail nor walk out on the dock. He didn't want a whole lot of ragging when the launch pulled in and he met Barbara. The men all meant the best and he knew every one of them was pulling for him to win Old Man Drake's daughter, but he hadn't seen her for two years. She had been away to a college in California. She might resent the kidding and anyway he didn't think it was quite nice, and certainly no girl as near an angel as Barbara ought to have to go through it.

A shout from a man at the very end of the dock called the attention of all hands. Yes, there were the first faint glimmerings of the Barbara II lights. The train from Portland must have been late.

Highjohnny felt his palms go wet. He wished he had been able to write better letters. Wished he could say things in his letters like in the books Barbara had started him to reading. Well, he could tell her better tomorrow night after he had won most of the events of the day.

It didn't seem like eight years since Barb had first talked to him and got him to save his money and take all those courses from the state agricultural college, department of forestry. Time sure did go fast. And she certainly had been right. Nothing to this stuff of working all winter and then blowing all your wages in on one big shindig down in town. Look at these other fellows. Why, most of them were old enough to be his father. And didn't own a nickel more than whatever Old Man Drake owed them for this summer's work.

Highjohnny was awfully glad he had started out so long ago to add to that tract of timber land his dad had left him. There were a good many

thousand acres of good timber there now. Sometime tomorrow he was going to talk to Old Man Drake about logging it off. In two years' time, if Highjohnny was careful and remembered all the things he had learned in his courses as well as what he had learned while working in every branch of the lumber industry except exporting, he would have a hundred thousand dollars.

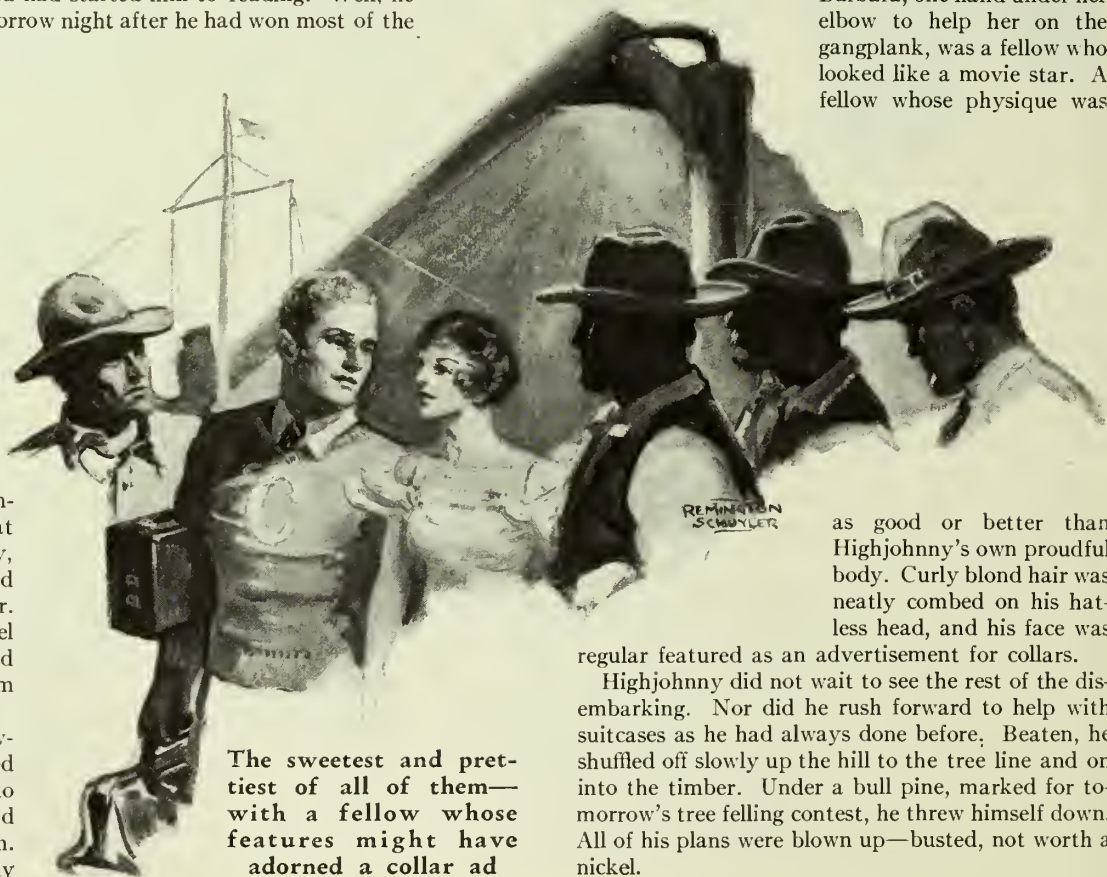
That was enough to talk right up to Old Man Drake about—well, about a pretty personal matter. Of course a logger, even if he was the youngest and said to be the smartest high-rigger in the woods, couldn't very well talk about marrying the daughter of a man as big as Old Man Drake. But a young lumberman on his own with a hundred thousand in the bank could at least get a hearing.

The Barbara II tooted its whistle twice, its klaxon crackled and its bell rang. There was a white-silver curve across the placid dark of the lake as the launch swerved in to the dock. The men were suddenly silent and abashed. Living solely among men in the big woods didn't make a fellow feel like somebody in the movies. Made you pretty scary where girls were concerned.

The dock lights sprung up. The launch warped in. Willing hands grabbed the lung hawsers while others ran out the gangplank. Fresh, pink-cheeked sweethearts of the jacks giggled their way down the gangplank to greet demurely their suddenly awkward lovers. Then came a group of young ladies described by the society reporters as "the elect of So-and-So," who didn't giggle but smiled easily at the dark figures of the men. The latter touched forelocks and crowded back away from the girls with mutters meant to be cordial, but so embarrassed that they sounded almost ominous.

Last of all—yes, there she was, the sweetest and prettiest of all of them. She was dressed in something white. Her dark bobbed curls were entrancingly mussed by the wind. Highjohnny's throat constricted and his big hands closed tensely on the end of the dock rail. He was an idiot ever to think he could have her. Probably she didn't even remember him. Most likely she had just been kind to him sort of like rich women did charity in the slums of cities.

He started to push forward anyway, then drew back. His fine, tanned features were set, his grey eyes hurt, but no one saw in the darkness. Standing behind Barbara, one hand under her elbow to help her on the gangplank, was a fellow who looked like a movie star. A fellow whose physique was



The sweetest and prettiest of all of them—with a fellow whose features might have adorned a collar ad

as good or better than Highjohnny's own proudful body. Curly blond hair was neatly combed on his hatless head, and his face was

regular featured as an advertisement for collars.

Highjohnny did not wait to see the rest of the disembarking. Nor did he rush forward to help with suitcases as he had always done before. Beaten, he shuffled off slowly up the hill to the tree line and on into the timber. Under a bull pine, marked for tomorrow's tree felling contest, he threw himself down. All of his plans were blown up—busted, not worth a nickel.



What the hell did he care about getting rich? What had he got out of saving his money all these years and not going on bats like the other boys? What good did a lot of knowledge from books do him? He was just a plain sucker. No fun for all these years because of one dream and now that dream was shattered.

But he couldn't blame her. Hell, no, nobody could blame anyone as sweet, as near the angels, as Barb was. He had just been a fool to think that a bully boy, the son of a bully boy, could even look at a person as grand as Old Man Drake's daughter. Probably he'd better get down to earth and go off and get himself a Lena like Big Sorenson. Or maybe he should play around the girls down at the house with the red drapes at the window in Sanford City. They were more his style, he guessed. Didn't mind lumberjacks and swampers from the woods. In fact, they'd be pretty proud to have a high rigger coming to see them.

Highjohnny cursed bitterly to himself, then decided to go to the cook shanty where many barrels of beer would be broached. Halfway there he changed his mind and started off in another direction. There was a blind pig set up in the bush each year at this time which Old Man Drake winked at, although booze was absolutely forbidden on the job or in the camps at any other time.

Highjohnny hit the faint trail which led to the open spot where French La Due annually set up his barrel of firewater. He, Highjohnny, would go on a bender that would make Big Sorenson's famous drunks look like Sunday School picnics. Just outside the firelight he stopped.

Jean Baptiste was orating. "—An' me, Jean Baptiste, has everyt'ing I got bet on our Highjohnny. He will win all day, I betcha," the Canuck was declaring.

"Yo're all sour, pardner," Arizona Jones spoke up in his slow, kindly voice. "Highjohnny is a good boy, but he ain't got a chancet against our boys. We got one hombre, Irontail Hawes, that kin lick Highjohnny in anything except maybe log rolling."

Highjohnny turned back on the trail and strode off toward camp. He'd have to put off his bender until tomorrow night. Couldn't let his friends down now. But he'd show her tomorrow night—yes, by gar, he'd show her during the day. He'd win every event he was entered in if he had to bust a gut to do it. Maybe she wouldn't think so much of that patent leather movie star then.

At the bunkhouse, a man told him Old Man Drake had been looking for him. Highjohnny nodded and turned toward the yellow light winking in the darkness that was Old Man Drake's cabin. The young man strode up to the steps of Old Man Drake's house. A dark figure was rocking on the porch, the glowing tip of his cigar making an arc as he went back and forth.

"Highjohnny?" the deep bass asked.

"Yes, sir. They said you wanted me," Highjohnny replied, standing uncertainly at the foot of the steps.

"Um. Set down." Highjohnny sat on the top step, his back against a post.

"Barbara was askin' for you. Where was you when the launch came in?" the bass growled at him.

"Guess I was walkin' some."

"Hum-m. Somethin' wrong?"

"No, sir. Just walkin'. Wanted to get limbered up for tomorrow."

The rocking stopped. "Nice young feller she brought up. Want you to meet him."

Scaling a sky-tipped pine and topping it out, Highjohnny won the contest



"Yes, sir."

A long silence followed while the Old Man resumed his rocking. Finally, he very casually made an observation. "You got a pretty nice piece o' timber over there in the Grande Ronde, son. Had a cruiser go over it. Made a good report."

Highjohnny was thrilled. He had never spoken of this to Old Man Drake. Pretty nice of the old boy to have it cruised. Then, his growing elation vanished. He remembered the "nice young feller."

"Own ten thousand outright and got forty thousand leased, ain't you?" Old Man Drake asked. (Continued on page 58)



# *In 1934 As in 1918, They're* **GOOD SOLDIERS**

*By Thomas J. Malone*

**W**HEN two hundred World War veterans, members of Company 1774 of the Civilian Conservation Corps, detrucked early of a July morning on a tree-covered site in northeastern Minnesota on which they were to build their camp, things began to happen remindful of the awakening of The Sleeping Beauty.

It will be recalled that the instant the Prince kissed the Princess (no, this isn't going to be that kind of story), who had been sleeping for a hundred years, not only did she wake up—and kiss him back, of course—but all activity about the castle which had been suspended when she fell asleep was resumed exactly where it had left off. Everything became as it had been. Outside, the great thorn hedge which had grown up and surrounded the castle grew smaller and smaller, and soon disappeared entirely. In the kitchen, the flames leaped up, crackling and roaring; the kettle began to sing, the stew-pot to bubble, the meat before the fire to sizzle; the dishwasher shook a puzzled head at the crock in his hand and went on scouring.

Those veterans had arrived an hour before at Virginia, twelve miles to the south, after an all-night train ride from Fort Snelling (St. Paul), their conditioning base. The camp site was on a lake shore, the tract covered with brush, aspen, birch, jackpine and Norway pine. A kitchen detail from a neighboring "junior" conservation camp (enrollees of ages 18 to 25) was on hand to help with breakfast. Then, at the word go, something electric stirred those two hundred vets, as energizing as the Prince's kiss.

They jumped into action. They laid out a company street. Some sections grabbed axes, picks and shovels and, in almost no

time at all, as by magic, gone were the brush and stumps and trees from areas where tents were to rise. Other sections erected tents all over the place—kitchen first, then supply, quarters, recreation, orderly and the rest. It was pie; they knew which part of a tent went on the ground. In the kitchen, ready long before noon, the fire flamed up as if it had never been out. Such a steaming and a hissing and a sizzling ensued, and Company 1774's-own demon kaypees peeled and rattled and banged with a practised surety that suggested sudden awakening from a little fifteen-year nap!

Promptly at noon, the cooks had a hot meal ready. Long before nightfall, all the tents were in place; cots, extra blankets and straw for ticks were issued; and the men were making their quarters comfortable and policing themselves at the lake.

The next day was Sunday. On Monday 75 men were furnished to the forestry service for work in the woods—the camp's chief reason for being—and 125 men the day after. The company had encamped and been ready for business in a few hours. Its organization was complete. It clicked from the first day. True, direction by the Regular Army personnel attached to the outfit accounted for this in part. But having no little to do with it, too, was the fact that the men were American World War veterans who knew their way about, who had had experience with camp life and who had the knack of working together. They knew how to take it.

Not only in pitching camp but in later camp activities and in the forest work itself those veterans rather distinguished themselves. At Fort Snelling, base of the Minnesota district, C. C. C.—62 companies, about 12,000 men—I was told that the four



All aboard for the big job! The barracks look something like those of war days, the truck isn't so different from a camion, but the "boys" are nearly sixteen years older





**They still have mess call and K.P., and the cry "Come and get it!" rings out just as it did away back when**

World War veteran companies in the district had proved outstanding for certain qualities traceable to their military training and experience. These qualities had contributed to effectiveness in the conservation work. Among them were esprit de corps, loyalty to outfit and government, understanding of group organization, resourcefulness, ability to do teamwork, and knowledge of and adaptability to the requisites of camp life.

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**Many thousand World War veterans are enrolled in special Civilian Conservation Corps camps throughout the United States. These veteran camps began to click the very first day. Know-how was the answer—one of a dozen little recollections left over from the lesson of 1918. Esprit de corps, loyalty to outfit and government, resourcefulness, ability to do teamwork—these men learned them all sixteen years ago. The knowledge is standing them in good stead today. Any veteran can be proud of the showing they're making**

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If this was so, it was of interest to all World War veterans. If, by and large, the military experience of the 26,000 World War veterans enrolled in 137 C. C. C. companies in 35 States—the figures at the time I made my investigation—was helping them do a creditable job in the civilian projects of forestation, soil-erosion prevention and flood control, that fact reflected credit upon the other four million and more former service men. If it was so, those veterans in the C. C. C. deserved a hand for the way they had fitted into requirements and done the work.

"Go and see for yourself," it was suggested at Snelling. "Visit one of our veteran camps, any one. What you'll find in it you may safely conclude is, in general, to be found in the others."

So I went up to the Upper Sand Lake camp where Company 1774 was doing business under command of First Lieutenant C. H. Day, 18th Field Artillery. The camp was then seven weeks old. The immediate concern was to complete timber quarters for the winter. Of permanent buildings, the mess hall only was ready for use, while enrollees were at work on other structures. The mercury goes down to 35 and 40 degrees below zero in the winters at Virginia.

Any one visiting Company 1774 at that time must have been impressed by its number of enrollees skilled in various trades. It was virtually a self-contained unit, ready to take on almost any kind of community job. The roster disclosed this diversity:

Bakers, butchers, bricklayers (2), a blacksmith, a barber, a civil engineer, drug clerks, dynamite handlers (blasters, not bombers), cruisers (timber), carpenters (20), concrete workers, a cooper (3.2 had done nothing for him), farmers (10), a locomotive fireman, glaziers, machinists (electrical, automobile), a millwright, miners, painters, pipe fitters, plasterers, plumbers, a high-school teacher, a roofer, a refrigeration engineer, loggers, lumberjacks, road workers, a shoemaker, truck drivers, tool dressers (forest tools), a tile setter, tractor mechanics and window decorators.

Evidence of self-admitted versatility, one plumber had written himself down as painter and barber as well, another plumber as likewise carpenter and electrician, and a carpenter as also miner and plumber. Fifty percent of the enrollees, all from Minnesota and Iowa, had had experience, of one kind or another, as woodsmen. The ages of the men ranged from 31 to 65 years, with 45 as the average. Eighty-five of the men were married.

Laying out and erecting winter quarters presented no serious problems to such a group. The civil engineer ran the lines for the structures and did some drafting of designs. A boss carpenter took hold of a crew of fellow carpenters, put up the mess hall and had made a good start with other buildings when the Government decided—a policy applying throughout the C. C. C. organization—to hire men from outside to complete the work. This released more enrollees for forestry duty. An enrollee superintended plumbing installation at the (Continued on page 40)



# SO I SAYS TO BLACK JACK—

By  
Tip Bliss



But one day a major happened  
around in a gas mask

**J**UST one wartime distinction is left to this humble and properly contrite chronicler, but it is a distinction on which he is pretty well stuck, at that. Exhaustive and painful researches have incontrovertibly shown that he is the sole living ex-A. E. F.-er who never, *never*, NEVER slipped a fast one over on John J. Pershing.

By which I mean (and here I switch pronouns, because talking about yourself in the third person will get the best of anybody in the long run) that after consulting billions of men (practically all of them ace aviators and not a single lowly doughboy in the lot) who assisted in knocking Germany for an eventual Hitler, I find myself unique. I not only never wisecracked at Pershing, but I never had the chance to wisecrack. I only saw him about twice in my life, and in all those two times I never even got the opportunity to say, "Hi, pal!" He doesn't know I exist, more's the pity, yet in spite of that he may get in plenty of good nights' sleep. All I can tell him is that he's missed a lot of fun.

But all these billions of ace aviators I was speaking of mysteriously happened to get in personal touch with the Commander-in-Chief during the past overseas nose-thumbing episode, and even more mysteriously happened to think of the bright line at the right time, instead of having it occur to them the next morning when it's too late to do any good, as is the case with the more unfortunate of us. And must Black Jack's face be red when he thinks over all these episodes!

For instance—

I ran into a corporal named Estabrook in Le Mans who had been placed in charge of checking all incoming and outgoing shipments of dubbin. You know—that stuff you rubbed into your shoes that was supposed to make them waterproof, heh-heh. Well, after about six months some nosey inspection officer discovered that our hero had had time to acquire a thorough knowledge of the more suppressible of French comic weeklies but was otherwise practically illiterate in the matter of warfare, and asked him how come.

So Corporal Estabrook admitted blushing that during the

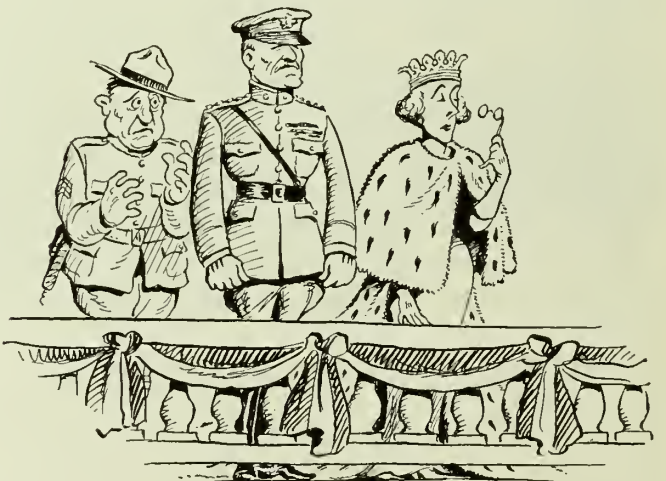
time he had been in Le Mans there had been no incoming dubbin, no outgoing dubbin, no insistent public demand for dubbin, not a single inquiry about dubbin, and that he wouldn't recognize a can of dubbin if it drove up in a taxicab and spoke to him.

"Then," Estabrook told me with justifiable indignation, "after I'd worked myself up to the edge of a nervous breakdown wondering if there *was* any such stuff as dubbin, do these mugs thank me for my services and give me a furlough so I can catch up in my sleep? They do not. They make me a company clerk.

"Well, that wasn't so bad at first, because it was in a little new building off on the edge of camp and hardly anybody knew where it was and I sort of borrowed a sign that said 'Quarantined—Keep Out' off the medical station one night and it sort of became nailed up against the wall, so people sort of stayed away.

"But one day a major happened around in a gas mask after I'd been there only a couple of months and wanted to know what the shack was quarantined for, and I said I didn't know, because I just found the sign, sort of, and had been just brushing up in my hammering because I was studying to be a corporal-carpenter. Well, then it was perfect hell for a while, with two or three people coming in almost every day, wanting to know where I kept the service records and things like that. But then the outfit I was company clerk of—I never did find out its name—left for home, but I didn't go, because I hid my own service record in a sock, because I thought they might give me K. P. on the transport or have me make up my bunk or something, and what would that do to my system after everything I'd been through?"

(Somehow, after thinking things over at length, I have reluctantly decided that this Estabrook object was lacking in that vital spark of energy and ambition that leads on to paths of glory.)



"I've got to keep him from  
it," I told myself



"But what I was going to tell you," said Estabrook, "was how General Pershing and I had it out. Just one of those little arguments between boys in the service, but I certainly got the last word, and after I'd finished my piece he didn't have a thing more to say. I'm a man of few words, but when I say something, it stays said.

"Well, I was leaning up against the corner of the room asleep one day when in come about fifty or sixty major generals and jiggadiers and funny things like that, and in the middle of the mob was the C-in-C. himself, big as life. Well, do you know he picked me out right away as the person to ask questions of instead of wasting time on these high-salaried flunkies, and do you know the first and only thing he asked me?

"He asked me, 'Don't you ever stand at attention when an officer comes into the room?'"

"Well, you can bet I wasn't going to have anybody talk to me like that, four stars or no four stars. You can push a man just so far. So I handed it right back at him snappy. I glared at him as hard as he was glaring at me—well, pretty near—and said, 'Yes, sir!' And you can bet your life that shut him up."

There was a fellow by name of Griggs at Langres, the advance motor transport headquarters of the S.O.S., who was a sort of itinerant chauffeur for ferrying visiting dignitaries up and down the sides of that young Alp that separated the camp from the town. This Griggs was a quiet, unassuming chap—quite different from the Estabrook person, whom I still privately consider a bit of a braggart—but even Griggs wasn't above admitting that he had given our Commander-in-Chief advice upon occasion.



"And your name is not wholly unknown to me, Gen."

stuff, though," Griggs insisted modestly. "Purely technical stuff he came to me for. I wouldn't have thought of showing him how to run a campaign—unless I saw that he was really up against it, of course. But I'll say this for Black Jack. He wasn't above accepting and respecting another man's opinion when he knew that man was a specialist in his line. I'll tell you—

"The General was the guest of a mob of French marshals and things on an inspection tour at Langres one day, and I got elected to drive the car, because the regular Froggie had eaten some cognac or something that disagreed with him. Well, we got about half way up that mountain which, as everybody knows, runs as straight into the air as anything except the side of the Empire State Building in New York, when something went 'Bong!' in back.

"So I went to investigate, first propping a bunch of these marshals and things against the back of the car to keep it from sliding into the river, because these French brakes are just about the same thing as accelerators, and Black Jack climbed out too and went to look.



"By heavens, you're right," he says

"'What is it, Sergeant?' he asks.

"'Blowout, sir,' I reports.

"'By heavens, you're right,' he says, taking my word for it, because he could see by the technical expression on my face that I knew my stuff. 'Wonder what caused it?'"

"'Nail, sir,' I tell him, pulling out something about as long as your foot. Well, maybe not as long as *your* foot, but as long as *my* foot.

"Then he climbs back into the car. Well, I waited quite a while thinking at least I'd get a commission out of it for the advice I'd given him, but nothing happened. But you know how the mail service was in those days. So I got disgusted and retired from the Army, and look where it is today."

Not all the I-knew-him-when brigade are so kindly toward our former chief. Some are frankly skeptical of his prowess along certain lines.

A certain Private Oscar Dow confided in me that he didn't think General Pershing was so hot on speaking French.

"Look," said Mr. Dow. "I'm in Paris, see? And I hear confidentially that Black Jack is going to the opera, or, as they call it over there, *l'opéra*. And I think that may be a good hunch, too, because there is nothing better than (Continued on page 60)



. . . and said, "Yes, sir"



# NATIVE GRAPES *and* NATIVE *by* SUNSHINE

Edmund A. Rossi

*President, Italian-Swiss Colony  
of California*

**E**IGHTEEN hundred and seventy was a black year for France. A succession of military disasters was accompanied by an even more serious invasion of destroying forces, an invasion of insect enemies that was to last for ten years and gnaw at France's most vital economic asset—her vineyards. Phylloxera was the generic name of the new and seemingly unconquerable enemy—insects of the genus *Aphis*, swarming over the vineyards and working destruction before the cause was discovered.

America came to the rescue; though strangely enough, phylloxera had been taken to Europe from this country. French scientists, seeking a weapon against phylloxera, found America's hardy native vines were resistant to the insect pests which were killing the European vines. So they grafted French varieties of vines on to American stocks in nurseries, and soon the ten-year fight was won. As a result, since 1880 the products of most of the vineyards of France actually have been of Franco-American parentage.

That bit of not generally known horticultural history is germane to this article, for it helps to bring out the close relationship of

**O**UR Home-Grown Wines Can Take Their Places Among the World's Finest, Declares an Expert Who Recalls That America Was Called Vine-land Before It Was Called America

European viticulture, particularly that of France, to that of the United States.

The above statement is nothing for the wine experts of our late ally to get excited about, for in the writer's opinion, this grafting exerts little influence, favorable or unfavorable, on the quality of the French wines. Other factors—we will say more of them later—have much more effect. Exactly the same grafting method is followed in California, where the imported European *vitis vinifera* is grafted on American stock.

We may find much to admire in the general French attitude toward alcoholic beverages, notably the popular regard of drink wholly as an adjunct to food. Certainly the cause of temperance would be greatly advanced if America adopted the same view. None the less the American wine grower must resent the patronizing attitude of France, and of Europe in general, toward the products of our own vineyards.

Except for that actually rare type of person, the connoisseur, the inhabitants of nearly every wine-producing country in the world favor their native wines. If the Italian prefers the slightly bitter dryness of his own Chianti, the German his tantalizing hocks, if the Argentinian's first choice is his own distinctive wines, it follows that the American would probably adopt as his favorites the products of his own vineyards if he would make a fair trial of American types unprejudiced by propaganda implying inferiority of domestic wines. As a matter of fact the tradition of general superiority

The home at Concord, Massachusetts, of Ephraim Wales Bull, originator of the Concord grape, important as a source for many of our American wines





of French wines rests chiefly on two factors having small relation to quality. The first factor is that of volume. Because France is a wine-drinking nation, her output must exceed that of non-drinking peoples, or that of a nation where drinking habits are mixed. Wine and France have become almost synonymous terms, principally because wine is the nation's beverage. This fact has become distorted to imply a superiority based largely on production leadership. The other fiction about French wines is that of price—because they cost more it is the American psychological reaction to believe they must be better. The truth is that the higher cost of French wines sold in the United States reflects several factors, including the tariff and the public's willingness to pay more for an imported product. The popular illusion that foreign products are necessarily better than reasonably-priced domestic products ought to be corrected. Before prohibition the yearly total of importations of all foreign wines averaged about five million gallons against a national consumption of fifty million gallons, a ratio not exceeding one bottle of foreign wine in every ten bottles consumed here.

Among American wines, those of California dominate the home market. As stated, California wines are produced entirely from vines with the same common parents as the vineyards of Europe before the phylloxera plague forced grafting, the species *vitis vinifera*. In California there are still some vineyards of that European vine family ungrafted. Eastern wines are produced mostly from native grapes, rarely from a graft of native and European vines. Most important of the Eastern wine product is American champagne, which is produced chiefly in western New York State in the Lake Keuka region. Although California wine centers produce several varieties of champagne, Eastern champagne dominated two-thirds or more of that market before prohibition.

The first California vineyards were established about 1770 by the Spanish friars near their missions with the so-called Mission Vine. After California was acquired from Mexico by the United States only one natural resource first attracted people from the East—gold. Not until the gold fever had subsided a decade after 1849 did the immigrants look to other sources than metal for wealth. Wine-growing then became an early and logical enterprise, for the reason that in the new State every variety of climate and soil of the wine countries of the world could be duplicated or excelled—those of France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Hungary. Never before had a single nation possessed such a wide range of conditions from which wine markets might make a choice. Of primary importance in that Arcadia of the vineyardist was the dependability of climate, of which a reliable sun was a boon unknown to Central Europe. In the half century before the World War began, Germany, for instance, had but five fine vintage years. In other words, (Con-

tinued on page

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# ONE DISABLED VETERAN'S VIEW

Battle Casualties Are Carrying the Heaviest Part of the National Recovery Load, One of Them Points Out

*By Claimant No. 135,641*

IN ADDRESSING The American Legion's National Convention in Chicago in October President Roosevelt admitted that injustices had been done certain disabled veterans by the provisions of the Economy Act. He promised that he intended not only to restore certain benefits denied the service-connected cases, but would strive to allow them even greater benefits.

In more than one of his campaign statements, Mr. Roosevelt had stated that he did not intend to take away any of the benefits which the battle casualty was receiving. I am inclined to believe The American Legion will insist that the pledge made at the National Convention in Chicago be kept. Nor do I mean to imply that President Roosevelt intentionally broke his campaign pledges in this respect. It would appear that he had to sign the best bill which could be jockeyed through Congress. At the time there was a militant army of lobbyists representing the wealthiest men of the land who were anxious to destroy legislation beneficial to the veterans.

It is now a matter of history that this group of lobbyists deliberately misinformed Congress and the President. The press of the country published misleading information handed to them by the lobbyists. The people and press were led to think that the service-connected disabled man would not be touched. I feel sure that President Roosevelt has been convinced that he and Congress were misled, and intends to right the wrong as soon as he gets Congress together again. One thing is certain, The American Legion will be in Washington with facts and figures. The organization which sponsored the wholesale reductions in veteran benefits is no longer able to back its figures. Indeed, National Commander Johnson last year exposed their claims to the extent that government officials from the President down have promised revisions of the Economy Act.

A review of the problems which the disabled men have been facing this winter as a result of this ruthless legislation reveals thousands of pitiful cases. The disabled man, as a class, is between the devil and the deep sea. As a class, the disabled veteran is the only one called upon to bear excessive burdens in the whole recovery program. But I get the cart before the horse.

In the event our money goes down, or becomes worthless, the veteran whose compensation has been reduced will be actually taking another reduction. I was glad The American Legion went on record for a sound dollar. I can't help but feel that the Legion opposes inflation simply to protect our already too small disability allowances. All that inflation has to do with my debates in this article is, that whatever the inflation percentage be per dollar, the disabled veteran is simply taking that much more of a reduction in his pay. That is, if the dollar is hoisted to where it is only worth fifty cents, to use round figures, then I'd have to take an automatic cut of fifty percent. That much further reduction in my pay would be the last straw. As it is I haven't doped out any way to make both ends meet.

In 1917 President Wilson issued a call for men to bear arms against an armed enemy. I was one of the first to respond. At the time I was vigorously healthy. I enjoyed the same ad-

vantages and opportunities in life as the average American boy could claim. My countrymen were fairly bursting with patriotic fervor which has not been approached by the enthusiasm being shown at this writing in response to President Roosevelt's call for co-operation with the program of the NRA.

I, too, am filled with enthusiasm and hopes over the present gigantic effort. But I was much more patriotic in those days in 1917. Yet I think I am at least doing my share in the program now being put into effect. I'm doing more by far than I should be called upon or expected to do.

Today our countrymen are requested to share, for the benefit of the great majority, an overabundance of wealth which has long been unevenly distributed. Employers are asked to give more people employment at a more liberal wage. The way this is to be accomplished is by making individual working hours shorter. To me this idea seems so fundamentally right that it appears almost as if previous governmental officials were guilty of criminal negligence for not having inaugurated the plan years ago.

In '17 those called upon to assist in the then national emergency were requested to submit their very lives upon the altar of sacrifice. They were not promised more rest, comforts and fuller

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CLAIMANT No. 135,641 has understated rather than exaggerated the extent of his war injuries and his present disability. He prefers to remain anonymous in the accompanying statement of his sentiments and of his present situation because he does not want the men and women of his community to realize the desperateness of his plight. The United States Government, since the Economy Act went into effect, has "saved" \$630 that otherwise would have been paid to Claimant No. 135,641. He is here permitted to sound off as a privilege due his sacrifice and his sufferings. It is not necessary that every reader of The American Legion Monthly agree one hundred percent with this Legionnaire of nearly fourteen years' standing, but no Legionnaire can deny that he has a right to be indignant and a right to show it.

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stomachs, such as those responding today are promised. The men responding in '17 were promised the hardships of war, hungry stomachs, the pains of infected wounds, no relief as to working hours, and a base pay of \$30 per month, a great portion of which went back home and into insurance. In those days, as now, it required a lesser brand of bravery to respond to mess call than it





*Drawing by  
Harry Townsend*

took to go over the top.

In '17 we who marched away to the front were told that should we be among those killed, our families would be recompensed for our loss, insofar as this could be done. We were told that if we became maimed or wounded in the conflict and suffered handicaps as a result, we too would be aided to the extent that we should not be compelled to go hungry or cold when our disabilities prevented us from earning a natural living. In the event of such injuries a balancing compensation would be given me which would assure me the self-same comforts I would have enjoyed had I not gone to war. That is, except for the pains of the wounds, which couldn't be done away with entirely. My people have not kept this promise to me. Presently I shall substantiate this charge.

One part of the Constitution of The American Legion reads: "To make right the master of might." In these few words is contained the only remaining source of hope left to the war disabled. The American Legion will not forget, as that organization has proved itself a constant friend, able and willing to look out for the interests of the comrades maimed in conflict.

Outside the ranks of the Legion I find myself miserably out of step in the present march of time, though I feel as if I should be one of the honored heads of the parade. I am floundering in the backwash of a national flood of patriotism which holds no

brief for, or traffic with, the men who were the very backbone of the parade of patriotism in '17. In fact, instead of throwing me a life preserver as I flounder, my Government has figuratively hurled a stone for me to cling to in the deep water. For I am the only class of person in the country whose living conditions are not expected to be bettered under the program now projected. My income is reduced, my expenses are increased.

I have stated that the war disabled have contributed toward the success of the NRA. To the general populace it might seem that we falter in our march, if we don't actually seem to be going in the opposite direction. But the fact remains that we are giving over \$400,000,000 annually that the NRA plan may be effective. This loss is represented in the reductions of our disability allowances. In spite of our contribution to the success of the great parade, the office boy with his minimum of \$15 a week makes a better-looking figure to my (Continued on page 45)



# ENGINEER

*by*  
*John J. Noll*

# (F)

TO THOSE veterans who had any knowledge whatever of military paper work and of the intricate and all-enveloping system that governed our armed forces, the Tables of Organization of the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps gave evidence of providing for and classifying every conceivable job from that of the Commander-in-Chief to the lowliest member of the black gang on a Navy tug. Those tables, when the exigencies of the World War required, even reached out and included not only the manpower but the woman-power of the nation. The military status of the Army Nurses Corps had, of course, been established some sixteen years before the particular war in which we have a special interest, but after April 6, 1917, there blossomed forth the Yeomen (F), comprised of women regularly enlisted in the Navy for clerical work, besides an additional group with the Marine Corps.

Notwithstanding the comprehensiveness of those tables of organization, there was, in my estimation, one important job that failed to gain official recognition. That job would, under Army nomenclature, probably have been designated as Engineer (F). Granted that insofar as I know there is only one woman who qualified for that position and granted that her work was in a civilian capacity, it was so closely interwoven with the military, and specifically with the Engineers that at the least she should be entitled now to carry the title of Honorary Engineer (F), retired.

Should you hesitate to accept my opinion that any one woman earned such honor, it is simple for me to refer you to the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia and particularly to the nearly five hundred members of the Club who wore the uniform during the World War. I assure you that their vote would be unanimous in support of my statement—just as the vote which raised that same woman to the highest office in the power of The American Legion Auxiliary to bestow was unanimous at the National Convention in Chicago last October.

In presenting a person for consideration for a high and honored office, there is a tendency, sometimes admitted even by the sponsor, to heap encomiums upon the proposed recipient of the office. The delegates of the Auxiliary, assembled in the Auditorium Theater in Chicago, in annual convention, learned among other things, when her name was presented for the office of National President, that Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., of Pennsylvania was "a born executive and an excellent, impartial presiding officer. She is a tireless worker and a real enthusiast about everything in which she is engaged, and has the rare ability of keeping everyone with



Mrs. William Henry Biester, Jr., of Pennsylvania, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary. At left, as a schoolgirl of thirteen

whom she associates in a constructive, happy mental attitude."

Those who didn't know Mrs. William Henry Biester, Jr., wondered perhaps upon just what the eulogy of this paragon was based. The majority of them knew of her long and outstanding service in the Auxiliary in her own Department and nationally. It was the pleasant assignment of this reporter to visit the city





**The National President smiles upon the Department Commander of Pennsylvania, Otto F. Messner**

which has been the scene of Rae Biester's very active existence and to find out from the home folks what they thought of the fellow townsman who had brought honor to them.

Success stories, particularly where that success is achieved entirely by the individual's own efforts, are listed high in the favored reading material of our country—accounts of self-made men who with their roots in the open spaces of the West split logs and gained the knowledge upon which their careers were built before the flickering light of open fireplaces, or who rose from the Lower East Side of New York. Here, however, I found a story of a self-made woman with, for a background, the staid old Quaker City of Philadelphia, although Philadelphia's position as the third metropolis of our land belies the accepted theory of its staid quietness. The historical significance of that city, as the scene of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, as capital of the United Colonies until 1781, as capital of the United States from 1781 to 1789 under the Articles of Confederation, and from 1790 to 1800 under the Constitution is too well known to repeat.

In that city, almost at the turn of the twentieth century, was born a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. William W. Vickers to whom was given the name of Rae Frankenfield Vickers. Her father was an instructor of Latin and English. The family was in moderate circumstances and there was no glowing heritage of colonial ancestors, of great deeds civil or military. Rae Vickers, as she can and does proudly admit, started from scratch as do thousands of other American children in like position. There was the usual normal life of a girl in such surroundings, but Rae soon gave evidence of her ability to lead in those activities which interested her. Upon graduation, with honors, from the William Penn School for Girls, Rae Vickers was not only president of her class but was elected life president of her class alumni association.

There followed a period of study in the Berlitz School of Languages and then enrolment in the University of Pennsylvania. Rae Vickers had ambitions to become a doctor and so chose subjects which would be a basis for a hoped-for course in medicine. Because of financial considerations, the proposed medical career was thwarted. Nothing daunted, Rae Vickers turned with equal zeal and interest to business.

While engaged in her other studies, she had found time to master stenography and so was prepared for a position as secretary in the Vice-President's Department of the United Gas Improvement Company and also was engaged in court

reporting, until a minor secretarial position was offered to her in the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, the technical center of the metropolis. That was in 1916. During the seventeen intervening years she had so established herself in rapidly succeeding important positions that it was with the greatest reluctance that the Club gave her a year's leave of absence from her all-important office of Assistant Secretary so that she might fulfill her duties as National President of the Auxiliary.

**S**UPPOSE we stop for a moment and take a look at the Engineers' Club where Rae Vickers pursued her business career to a place where she is now considered indispensable. Organized in 1877 by a group of young engineers who were employed with the Centennial Exposition, it has grown until the large, comfortable clubhouse in Spruce Street, near Broad, now houses not only the Engineers' Club itself but also seventeen affiliate organizations. Among these affiliates are the Aero Club of Pennsylvania, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, The American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers and other groups representative of every field of professional engineering. In all there are approximately six thousand men who are members of the Club or its affiliate bodies.

Listed, too, in this group is the Society of American Military Engineers—one indication of the Club's close connection with our armed forces. The Pennsylvania National Guard had been without any engineer units until 1907, when a company was formed in Scranton. During a civic celebration in Philadelphia the following year, many of the State's National Guard units participated in a parade on Military Day. When the Scranton engineers passed the Engineers' Club a member suggested that their city should have a similar organization, with the result that B Company of Engineers, composed entirely of members of the Club, came into being.

After our country entered the World War, the Pennsylvania National Guard was about to be inducted into Federal service and organized as the 28th Division. Additional engineer companies were needed and a second company, designated as E

Company, was formed around a nucleus of additional members of the Club. In all, 460 members of the Engineers' Club and its affiliated societies donned the uniform. While the majority of the members served in the 103d Engineers, 28th Division, some were in the Chemical Warfare Service and other branches in which their particular engineering knowledge was of special value. The 103d Engineers went with its division for active duty in the A. E. F., while the men in other branches of service were carried to all parts of this country and to foreign posts.

It was during this period that Rae Vickers—Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., to be—earned, in my estimation, the un-conferred title of Honorary Engineer (F). She had already so definitely



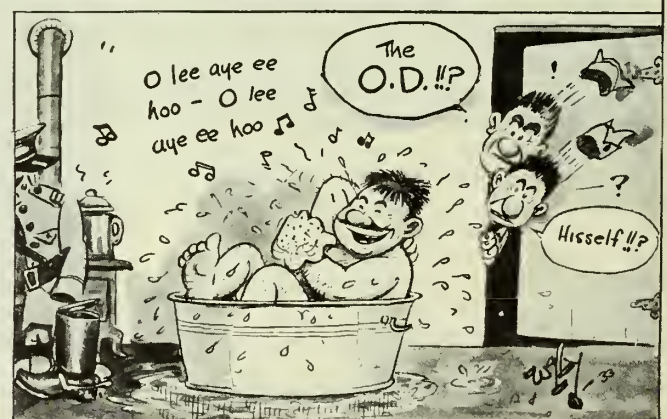
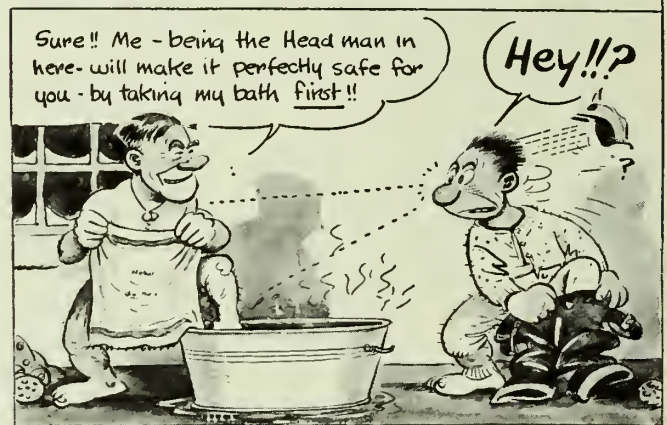
**William H. Biester, Jr., Past Post Commander, in his Legion uniform**



# SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE A. E. F.

*When a Bath Was Worth Its Weight in Cognac*

By Wallgren





# The PRESIDENT Gets the FOUR-POINT PLAN

National Commander Hayes Also Places Before the Chief Executive  
the Legion's Program for a Sane and Adequate National Defense

WHEN National Commander Edward A. Hayes presented to President Roosevelt on December 20th The American Legion's legislative requests for the new year, Mr. Hayes told Mr. Roosevelt that the four-point program for the disabled service man and the other measures which the Legion is advocating are predicated on the interests and welfare of the nation as a whole and not upon selfish advantages which these measures would confer upon any individual, whether veteran or non-veteran.

Mr. Hayes declared that the cost of the new legislation called for by the four-point rehabilitation program would be so low that it would not imperil the national finances. The sum required annually would be only approximately one-fourth of the annual savings which have been effected under the Economy Act. Mr. Hayes said exaggerated estimates as to the cost of the Legion's amendments have been circulated by those who, now as always, favor cutting down to the lowest margin possible all governmental provisions for the disabled service man, regardless of the principles of justice or fair play. President Roosevelt asked many questions of Mr. Hayes, and the National Commander described to him the actual suffering which has been caused by the Economy Act among men whose disabilities are unquestionably due to war service.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hayes discussed the operation of this law in the same room through which has passed during the last nine months a procession of representatives of industry, labor and other organized groups. The President and the National Commander talked informally over the top of the same desk at which almost every decision of policy on national reconstruction had been arrived at in those nine dramatic months of 1933. They talked not only of the Legion's program for the disabled service man, but also of the urgent need of placing the Army and Navy in a position to meet any emergency which might come to them in the early future as international tension increases. No statesman can fail to realize the dangerous possibility of another widespread war, coming unsought and undesired, upon a world already staggering under its load of debt and disorders. Mr. Hayes repeated what has been said by National Commanders of the Legion to three other Presidents—that safety for the United States lies not only in strengthening the Army and Navy but also in the adoption of a Universal Draft Act which would place equally upon all elements of population the burden of war should it come again. This last proposal is still before Congress.

As a preliminary to their discussion, the National Commander presented to the President a prepared statement outlining the Legion's objectives. In this, Mr. Hayes emphasized that the Legion, by its Chicago National Convention mandate, requests the amendment of the Economy Act and not its repeal. He said:

"When our one thousand delegates were formulating our policies, their chief thoughts were of the welfare of the nation—to approve those things which would aid the national recovery and to ask nothing from the Government which would interfere with this. The call for full co-operation with the NRA, the endorsement of the 'Buy American' movement, the stand for law and order, and the opposition expressed toward intolerance and bigotry and the cancellation of the war debts, are ample evidence of this. Through the very fact of their service, Legionnaires have placed the interest of the nation above and beyond that of the individual, whether veteran or non-veteran. We recognize that our future, and our children's future, are inevitably bound up with that of the nation as a whole.

"After the national welfare, the Legion places the welfare of the disabled and the dependents of the dead. We believe their protection to be our own particular and peculiar obligation. We seek relief for their condition, but in a manner which will not imperil the national finances, for the sums required would not do this.

"In addition to this, we ask that the national defenses be strengthened, and that legislation be enacted to prevent profiteering and to require equal service from all in future wars."

Mr. Hayes explained that the chief effect of the adoption of the four-point rehabilitation program would be to restore to men with service connected disabilities the compensation status they had before March 20, 1933, when the Economy Act was passed. The program does not call for retroactive payments.

"The liberalization of the need clause restrictions on non-service connected hospitalization is the second feature of the program," the National Commander said. "It would

not require an additional appropriation because the current one for this purpose is sufficient to accommodate this change.

"The provision for widows and orphans would simply grant to them the same benefits and rates now accorded to the widows and orphans of Spanish-American War service men under the Economy Act and its regulations. I have no cost estimate on this, but I do not believe it would be large."

Mr. Hayes outlined the Legion's (Continued on page 50)

## THE FOUR POINTS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION'S REHABILITATION PROGRAM FOR 1934 ARE AS FOLLOWS:

- 1 That no war veterans disabled in line of duty suffer any reduction of those benefits granted such veterans in the World War Veterans Act as in effect prior to March 20, 1933.
- 2 That hospitalization under Federal Government auspices be afforded all veterans not dishonorably discharged who require hospital treatment and who are not able reasonably to pay for their own treatment.
- 3 That perpetuation of service connection for all veterans properly granted such service connection under laws in existence prior to March 20, 1933, be recommended as an item of Legion policy.
- 4 That the benefits provided for dependents of veterans as established in the World War Veterans Act be resumed and maintained as the Government's policy and that in no event shall widows and/or dependent children of deceased World War veterans be without Government protection.



# REMEMBER *the*

*By*  
*Marvin E. Coyle*

*General Manager, Chevrolet Motor Company*

*BUT Hard Times Have Definitely Proved, If Proof Were Needed, That the Automobile Has Graduated Well Out of the Luxury Class*

IT TOOK the world's worst depression to prove beyond all possibility of doubt that the American public cannot get along without the automobile. But to those of us whose memories extend back to the beginning of this century, the proof was almost superfluous.

I remember my boyhood days on the farm eleven miles from Titusville, Pennsylvania. A mile and a half away was a crossroads settlement with a general store. This was our shopping center. In the fourteen years that I lived on the farm, I got in to Titusville not more than half a dozen times. My parents, more particularly my father, went there more often because it was the only place where he could sell our farm produce. And I shall never forget those trips of his.

Our team was neither fast nor slow, and a horse-drawn wagon can make about three miles per hour. So father used to get up before daylight to go to town. He would load up the wagon, slap the reins over the horses' backs, and he was off on the great adventure. If he left the farm by seven o'clock, he reached town about half past ten. Then to attend to the day's business. The clever buyers knew that a farmer was eager to get started for home as early as possible, and that he would often sacrifice his stuff in order to get away in time for supper. So their daytime offering prices were low, and they did not really get down to a serious offer until about six in the evening.

Dad was made of stern material, and he needed the money to buy store goods for the family. So he waited them out, sold his load by seven or so, then started the long trek home.

I can still see mother's behavior on the long chilly winter evenings when dad had gone to town. Every few minutes she would throw a shawl around her and step out on the back porch to listen. Our wagon had a squeak that she could tell from every other wagon in the county. On a frosty evening she could hear it a mile or more away. Finally, perhaps at half past nine, she would be rewarded by this discordant note. Then what a rush to get the water boiling for coffee, the range fired up, a hot meal under way! Dad would drive in some twenty minutes later, stamp into the house with his purchases from town, and have his meal. We kids had to go to the barn to unharness, feed, water, and bed down the horses.

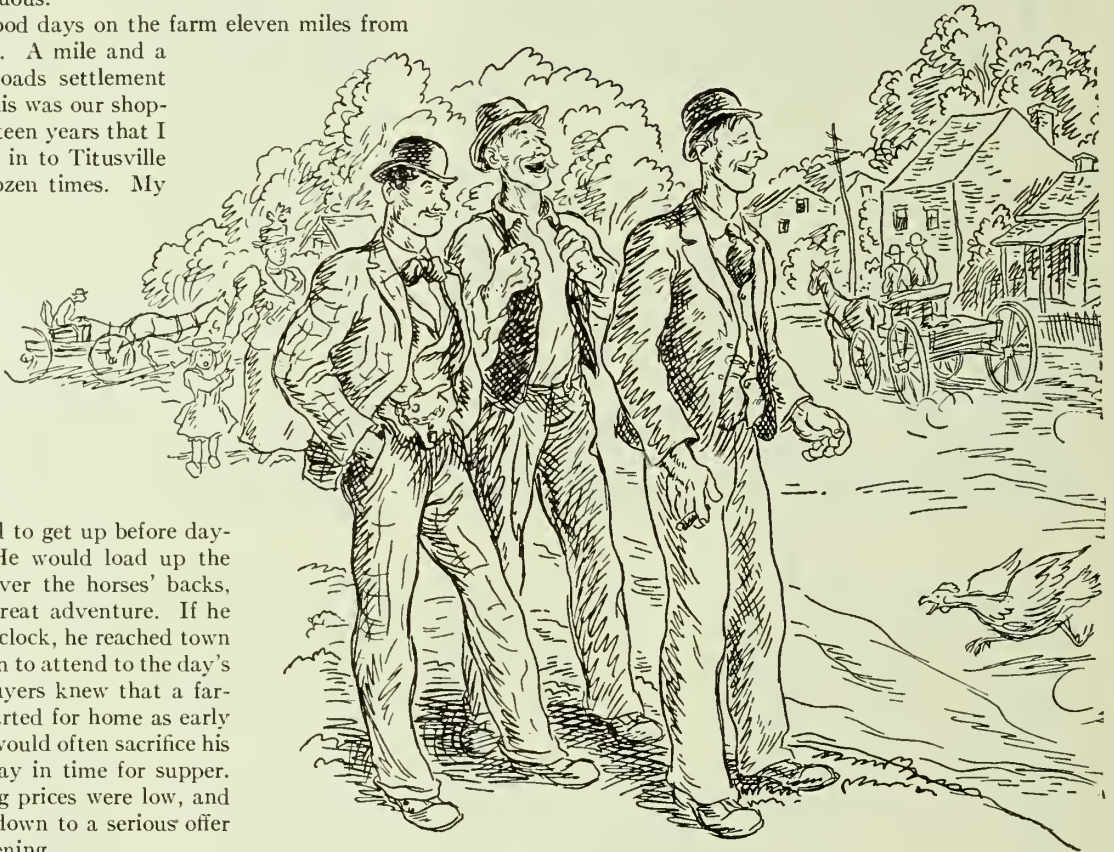
How do the people on that farm go to town today? Why, they get into the car or the truck and step on the starter. In anywhere from fifteen to thirty minutes they are in Titusville. The buyers no longer resort to delay, for if the farmer does not like their

offers he can go back home at a cost of a few cents and not over half an hour. A trip to town, selling an assorted load of farm produce, and converting the proceeds into merchandise, cannot conceivably use up more than a half day. The hardship is all out of that task. Let me repeat that to anybody who knew the America of that older day, there has not for years been any doubt that the automobile is a necessity of life.

Consider a situation that has frequently arisen in social-service work these past few years. An unemployed man applies to the local relief body for help, asking perhaps half the normal grant. He explains that he and his wife pick up enough work to yield a few dollars a week, but too little to support their family.

When the case worker looks over his application, she finds that he owns an old automobile. She knows her rules, and she tells him: "Bring in your automobile keys and leave them with us. Then you will get your allotment."

"But I can't do that," objects the applicant in dismay. "Why must I?"





# "PLEASURE" CAR ?

*Illustration by  
Donald McKay*

agencies would have still greater difficulty in raising funds from a public annoyed by seeing unemployed dependents driving cars on donated or public funds. But it strikes me as highly significant that the depression victim living on food tickets considers himself perfectly entitled to drive if he can somehow scrape up an occasional dollar for gasoline. Whatever the rest of the public may think about it, in his mind his automobile is not a luxury but a necessity.

Everyone with industrial contacts during the depression knows of workmen who gave up a home that was partly paid for and kept up the payments on the car. Partially, of course, this is because the value of the house had shrunk until the owner had no equity above the mortgage. But even more significant is the fact that the modern factory worker is dependent on his automobile, both to permit him to look for jobs at widely separated plants when he is out of work and to get him to his job



**When "Get out and get under!" was current—  
a merry quip to everybody but the driver**

"Because the authorities feel that if a family has to accept public help, it cannot afford to run an automobile. When will you bring the keys?"

"But, say," the poor fellow protests, "I can't do that. We only run the car to make money. I go out and pick up washings from people scattered all over town, then I come home and help my wife launder them. If I didn't have a car, we couldn't be making any money. And I'd have to ask you for a full allotment instead of only half."

The case worker usually has to take it up with her superiors. Once they have the facts they waive their rule. If they did not, they would have the entire family expense on their hands instead of only half. And a self-respecting family that is doing its best would have to be wholly pauperized.

Most relief agencies, I understand, have adopted the rule prohibiting beneficiaries from operating automobiles. Otherwise the

when he is on the payroll. Lacking a car, he could do only a small fraction as extensive and as effective job-hunting. And likewise, without a car he would have to move his family abode every time he changed employment. For today's factories are scattered over the outskirts of the cities, on cheap land. And this in itself marks a revolution in industry that has wrought tremendous improvements in the American standard of living, no matter though it show a temporary recession.

Do you remember back when people generally referred to "pleasure cars" as distinguished from trucks and other automotive vehicles usable only on business? The term fell by the wayside, enthusiastically assisted in its fall by everyone in our industry. But the idea behind the term outlived it, and still stubbornly persists in the minds of some folks who ought to know better.

Originally, of course, the passenger (Continued on page 39)



# LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

**I**N THE final days of the *Stars and Stripes* when that eminent cartoonist of the A. E. F., Mr. Wallgren, was in a mellow mood, he made a drawing which portrayed in one panel "the first reunion of Punkville's A. E. F. veterans," and in another panel "the same veterans twenty years later." As usual, Mr. Wallgren used his friends as models, and he didn't spare his ink or imagination in depicting the ravages which time had wrought in twenty years upon the faces and forms of his buddies of 1918. It is just a bit of a shock to realize now that Mr. Wallgren's dream of the reunion of twenty years after will come true, to some degree at least, only four years from now—in 1938. Sixteen years have passed since uniforms were laid away in mothballs.

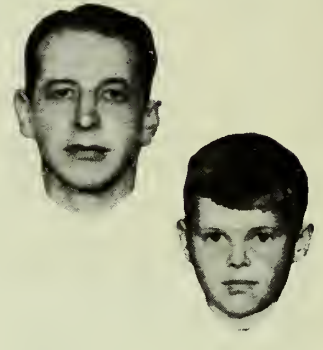
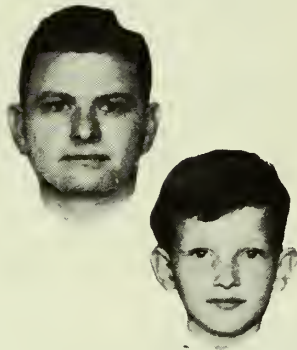
This leads up to the text of this month's sermon, which is The American Legion as exemplar and preceptor of youth. That role comes naturally with the years. We bring this up because reports from National Headquarters in Indianapolis indicate that that new organization, the Sons of The American Legion, is sprouting vigorously in almost every State. By December 1st 132 squadrons had obtained charters. It will be remembered that the National Executive Committee at its meeting last May gave this new outfit the Legion's official blessing. The Chicago convention confirmed the outfit's future by specifying that "members shall include all male descendants, adopted sons and stepsons of members of The American Legion and such descendants of male and female veterans who died in service during the war or after discharge." The convention fixed the society's dues for 1934 at twenty-five cents.

Now, with National Headquarters busy sending out forms for charter applications, booklets explaining the purposes of the society and supplies of membership cards and buttons, it is worth recalling that the Legion is not without experience when it undertakes to guide the activities of the sons' organization. The new outfit might not have come into being had it not been for the entirely satisfactory record which most of the posts of the Legion have made with junior baseball teams, troops of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, junior rifle teams, boys' musical organizations and such unusual outfits as Legion 4-H Clubs. Nor should we forget what the Legion has done in thousands of schools by setting up The American Legion School Award and presenting, at the commencement exercises of grammar grades, medals to the pupils who have made the best records in scholarship and sportsmanship. Then, too, there are the many health clubs maintained by posts in the schools, usually by providing nutritious meals or bottles of milk to children needing them.

All these activities provide the foundation upon which posts can establish squadrons of the sons' organization which need not conflict with any existing post programs or policies. The squad-

## CHIPS OFF OLD BLOCKS

When a squadron of the Sons of The American Legion was formed by John Ashley Dennis, Jr., Post in Philipsburg, Pennsylvania, fathers and sons lined up for a photograph. The faces shown herewith are proof of "Like father, like son"

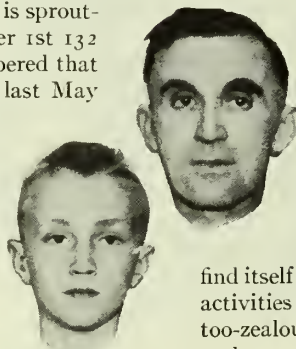


ron of the Sons of The American Legion, by its nature, will have a more intimate relation to the post than some of the other organizations sponsored, but it need displace none of these. Certainly it will in no manner conflict with the Boy Scout troops which have been fathered by posts everywhere. The squadrons already formed are noteworthy because of the low average age of members. In many of the squadrons the majority of members are below the minimum age specified for Scouts. A study of the principles of the Legion's new offshoot and the suggestions for its activities prove that it does not regard itself as a competitor of the Scouts or any other society.

The Legion voted national endorsement of the sons' organization after long study and many debates at meetings of the National Executive Committee and national convention committees. Some of those who opposed the formation of a sons' society maintained that the experience of veterans' societies of other wars should warn the Legion of dangers which would be encountered. They said a sons' society in time would become the tail that wagged the dog and that the parent body would find itself faced with the embarrassing necessity of curbing the activities of the junior group should it come under control of too-zealous leaders. Other objections were cited. Convincing reply was made to every argument urged against the new body.

The enthusiasm of the new organization's proponents was no greater than the enthusiasm aroused in boys of many towns and cities who had been enrolled informally in such an outfit even before national authority had been given. Immediately a race began to determine which of these informal units should first be recognized as a squadron of the Sons of The American Legion.

The editor of this sector being a cautious person isn't going to name the winner of that race. He simply wants to record the fact that three posts almost simultaneously notified the Monthly that they had given birth to squadrons. They were Stewart P. Morrill Post of South Portland, Maine; Harold A. Taylor Post of Chicago, Illinois; and Bruce P. Robinson Post of Indianapolis, Indiana. National Headquarters is reluctant to single out one of these three as winner, because the







**Charles E. Matthews Post of Warrensburg, Missouri, buys calves in the spring for its 4-H Club boys and girls, and is repaid in the fall when the grown animals are sold. The club exhibits the beasts at a fall festival conducted by the post**

selection would depend upon arbitrary factors which would not be equally fair to the three.

The South Portland squadron got its start on May 28, 1933, and on the following Fourth of July 130 boys ranging in age from five to eighteen marched as an escort for their fathers in the holiday parade. Wearing a special uniform—white duck trousers

with a blue stripe, blue sash, blue necktie, overseas cap with Legion emblem. Each boy carried a swagger stick. "Later," reports R. J. MacCormack, "the post obtained thirty-nine new members of the Legion directly attributable to interest aroused by the formation of the boys' squadron."

Harold A. Taylor Post's squadron in Chicago is the outgrowth of a junior unit established by the post in January, 1933. Legionnaire John W. Slack, Senior Commander of the Squadron, reports that on last Memorial Day the squadron—twelve buglers, four drummers and a platoon of forty-four—made a great hit in Chicago's parade, and "the governor, the mayor and a flock of generals applauded as the boys executed 'eyes right' while passing the reviewing

stand." The Chicago outfit has done lots of other things.

John P. Ragsdale, Past Commander of Bruce P. Robinson Post in Indianapolis, made a speed record by enrolling more than sixty boys in the first Indiana squadron almost on the echoes of the meeting of the National Executive Committee which gave the junior outfit an official status.

### *As The Twig Is Bent*

**Y**OU will hear a lot about what squadrons of the Sons of The American Legion are doing from now on. While we are waiting to hear from some of them we want to pass along news of a few typical Legion activities for boys. Scoutmaster A. F. Wilson of Whiting (Indiana) Post sends word that an expedition from the post's Boy Scout troop, including nine Eagle Scouts and five Life Scouts, completed a twelve-day hike of 1200 miles to Mongoose Lake in the Canadian wilderness beyond Sault Ste. Marie. The outfit used a motor truck as far as Wabos, thirty-six miles north of the Soo. Ernest

C. Meyer, director of the Junior Band Division of Edgar A. Fisher Post of Valley City, North Dakota, tells the story of the trip seventy-five boys made to the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago. The trip was made in four motor trucks and four passenger cars. The high point was a concert given on the World's Fair grounds on North Dakota Day, when 10,000 persons, most of them from North Dakota, gathered to hear them.

George Fiske of Kansas City, Missouri's member of the National Executive Committee, reports unusual success of the 4-H Calf Club sponsored by Charles E. Matthews Post of Warrensburg, Missouri.

"Back in 1929," writes Mr. Fiske, "nineteen baby beef calves were bought and distributed among the boys and girls of Johnson County unable to pay for them. The post paid for the calves and also bought an insurance policy on each of them. In the following fall the calves were sold and the original purchase price was returned to the post. In the four succeeding years the money has been employed over and over again for the purchase of additional calves. Up to the present time fifty-six calves have been distributed.

"Each boy or girl obtaining a calf promises to display it at the Johnson County Free Fall Festival, which has developed out of the calf club movement. Each year the festival is held under the flood lights of the Central Missouri State Teachers College athletic field. The Legion is in charge of the show and 15,000 persons gather to see it. No admission is charged, but the post derives revenue from the sale of concessions and uses the money for the calf fund.

"A horse show is held each evening and a Legion drum corps or band puts on a drill. The success of the show has helped the post grow from 19 members in 1929 to its present strength of 120. This year the post was the first in the country to exceed its 1933 membership.

"Even in the lean years, the calves have almost uniformly brought a profit to their youthful owners. Some calves have increased as much as 700 pounds in weight in the eleven months they belong to the 4-H Club member. Dr. A. L. Stevenson, Adjutant of the post in Warrensburg, will gladly send details of the calf club plan to any other post wishing them."

Adjutant M. J. Murphy of Lewiston (Maine) Post writes that his outfit, encouraged by its success with junior baseball, organized a girls' basketball league of six teams. Bill Carrigan, former







No, this isn't a post- repeal picture entitled "Happy Days are Here Again." It is simply a big moment in the annual show of Short-Hills Millburn (New Jersey) Post which took place in the latter days of the dry era

manager and star catcher of the Boston Red Sox, has been coaching the post's junior baseball league which hopes to produce a national championship team.

### *Shock to Taxpayers*

ADD to the list of Chicago's wonders a new one. The year 1933 will be notable in the city's history not only because of the World's Fair and the Legion's national convention but also because the Legion's national convention corporation returned to the State of Illinois the entire sum of \$50,000 which the State legislature had appropriated to help meet the convention expenses. Taxpayers were startled when Phil W. Collins, executive vice-president of the convention corporation, presented a check for this amount to State Auditor Barrett on November 17th. Never before in the history of the State had money voted by the general assembly for any purpose been repaid in whole or in part.

At the time he presented the check, Mr. Collins announced that the convention corporation had set aside from its remaining funds the additional sum of \$10,000 as a guarantee of Chicago's desire to have the Legion return to Chicago for another national convention within the next decade. Mr. Collins said the convention had brought \$20,000,000 in new business to Chicago and \$1,000,000 to other Illinois cities.

### *Legion Luncheon Clubs*

NOW that 1934 is gloriously under way it is time for another roll call of American Legion luncheon clubs. We can start with Advertising Men's Post of Chicago which gathers every

Monday noon at the LaSalle Hotel and listens to addresses by celebrities who are always available at the crossroads of the United States. Guests are always welcome. New York's Advertising Men's Post also meets every Monday noon, at the Western Universities Club, 500 Fifth Avenue. From the 56th-floor windows of the club dining room members look out upon the panorama of mid-town Manhattan. Now, let's hear about time and place from the other Legion luncheon clubs. They have been multiplying fast lately and their local fame deserves to be widened.

### *Where Old Friends Meet*

WHEN Al Jolson swung an indignant haymaker into the literary chin of Walter Winchell in the height of California's summer, the smack was heard 'round the country though said socko was delivered out of range of the microphones. It echoed on front pages all the way to the Atlantic seaboard and thence over the cables to Europe. Mr. Jolson, it happened, chose a most highly-public place in which to turn Camera—the Hollywood Stadium of Hollywood Post of The American Legion. In it for ten years Hollywood Post has been giving the boxing and wrestling matches which support its welfare activities for disabled and needy service men and maintain its beautiful clubhouse and civic building. We had supposed, however, that all the events were held inside the ropes. We got that idea anyway from M. L. "Windy" Winn, editor of Post 43, the official publication of Hollywood Post.

Windy Winn wrote a communique on the Stadium which reached us not long before the news of the Jolson-Winchell bout. The Stadium has yielded a profit of \$130,000 to the post in ten years and Windy says: "There is no other place on earth where

One button!! Hee hee!! that's the way my old uniform fits me too now. Colonel!!





more celebrities can be found on a single night; it is a world rendezvous for the famous, especially those of the theatrical and movie worlds."

"Not only that," adds Mr. Winn, "but the high level upon which boxing and wrestling stand today in California is due to The American Legion's connection with the two sports. This is not entirely the result of our own post's interest in the sports, however, for many other posts in California have had a share in raising the standards. We simply happen to be a bit more in the spotlight."

"We are proud of the number of women who are patrons of our matches. At least one third of those who attend the matches are women."

### All-Musicians Post

THE name of John Philip Sousa will not be forgotten in the musical annals of The American Legion. Mr. Sousa, famed as the leader of the United States Marine Band and composer of military marches, was a member of New York Athletic Club Post of The American Legion and maintained a lively interest in the development of the Legion's musical activities up to the time of his death in 1932. Now many of the country's greatest bandsmen who served under Mr. Sousa during the war and after it have organized John Philip Sousa Post which has its headquarters at the clubhouse of the New York City branch of the American Federation of Musicians, 210 East 86th Street.

The new post began December with a membership of more than one hundred and planned to increase its membership to four or five hundred early in 1934. It announced that it would endeavor to enter in each national convention parade a band which would include practically all its members. Philip James, who was leader of General Pershing's band during the war, has been selected as conductor of the post's band. Harry Raderman, who was in Bing Crosby's band, is Commander of the post, and Sidney Kay, formerly in charge of George White's music, is Vice-Commander. The post plans also to establish a conservatory to teach music to the talented children of service men and other children whose parents are unable to pay for instruction.

### Hospital Air Pilgrimage

IN 1806 Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, under orders from Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, completed the last stage of their historic journey through the western wilderness to the Pacific Ocean. They came westward over the Rockies and followed the Columbia River to the ocean, in a slow and arduous pilgrimage which was to make forever American the Pacific Northwest of today.

Not slow or arduous was the journey which the Commanders of the Washington, Oregon and Idaho Departments of The American Legion made in October to carry to the 1700 disabled service men in five Veterans Administration hospitals of their States the message that the Legion is still watchful of their interests. From a six-passenger airplane the three Department Commanders looked down upon the pathway of Lewis and Clark, gazed upon snow-covered peaks of Mount Rainier, Mt. Hood and the Cascade Ranges, traced the courses of the rivers which had borne westward the pioneers. Traveling at an average speed of 180 miles an hour they visited in three days the five government hospitals in which

disabled service men had been torn by doubts arising from changes in government legislation affecting them.

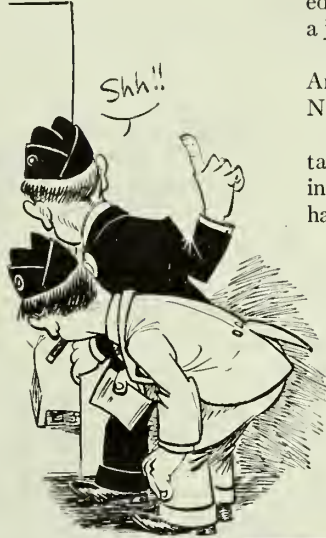
The three Legion messengers were Harold J. Warner of Pendleton, Commander of the Oregon Department; Edmund Brigham of Newport, Commander of the Washington Department, and E. S. Rawls of Lewiston, Commander of the Idaho Department. They traveled in the Lockheed monoplane of the *Morning Oregonian*, Portland newspaper, piloted by William G. Fletcher. With them were June W. Valiant, field representative of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee; Mrs. Jack Eakin of Dallas, Oregon, President of the Oregon Department of The American Legion Auxiliary, and Webster A. Jones, aviation editor of the *Morning Oregonian*. The Shell Oil Company was a joint sponsor of the trip.

The party visited hospitals at Boise, Idaho, Walla Walla and American Lake, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, and the National Soldiers' Home at Roseburg, Oregon.

All three Commanders declared that the facts they had obtained from the men in hospitals had given them an understanding of the Legion's 1934 rehabilitation problem which they could have obtained in no other way.

### Women Legionnaires

WHEN the Chicago national convention officially recognized the National Organization of American Legion Nurses, in which local units had previously been formed in more than half of the States, the new organization began activities which are expected to bring into The American Legion most of the 23,000 women who served as nurses, assigned to the Army and (Continued on page 61)



Mrs. Margaret D. Ackerman of Lakewood (Ohio) Post, National Commander of the National Organization of American Legion Nurses, served eighteen months in hospitals at home and in the A. E. F.



# Make Way for the HELL FIRE BOYS



**W**ELL, we're ready to admit that although we thought all of the "first" claims had long since been filed, we're happy that we managed to smoke out the little-known gang which will now be introduced. Our spokesman is S. S. Cohen of E. J. Bell Post of the Legion and an active member of the First Gas Regiment Association, whose home is at 615 Jefferson Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. The pictures on this page were sent to us by Legionnaire Cohen and here is his story:

"As you brought up again the subject of 'firsts,' here comes a little outfit with a claim.

"The First Gas and Flame Regiment, as the name implies, was the first A. E. F. troops to shoot gas and liquid fire at the Heinies.

"Regardless of their important and dangerous work, this small unknown gang of pioneers in a new method of front-line warfare were sure to be kidded by their buddies who always wanted to know why the A. E. F. had to look after the Frogs' gas and electric service and fight their war, too.

"This same outfit holds some sort of a record as to time elapsed between formation of a regiment and getting into the trenches. The regiment was recruited in October and November, 1917, in Washington, D. C., and sailed on the following Christmas Day for France. On March 2, 1918, the regiment was in the front lines in command of its own officers, although being attached to the British army. Our biggest gas show was fired at midnight, April 3, 1918, when 1800 Livens projectors, each containing about thirty pounds of gas, were fired at zero hour on Messines Ridge, in the Loos-Lens sector, when my company, B, worked with British engineers or sappers.

"In fact, our general, Amos A. Fries, former head of the Chemical Warfare Service, and now retired, claims the distinction for our regiment of being the first Yanks actively in the trenches under Yank officers. Now let's hear from you 'first' guys.

"Of the 600 men in the regiment, there was at least one from

**Above, a smoke screen laid by men of the First Gas Regiment—30th Engineers—to hide troop movements. Right, Livens projectors which were used to fire gas and smoke projectiles**



every State in the Union and also from Alaska and the Philippines. Despite the fact that former members of the outfit are scattered all over the country, they still keep in touch with each other by publishing their own magazine."

From *The Story of the First Gas Regiment*, we learn that the regiment was later officially designated as the 30th Engineers. It was known, when first organized under orders of August 15, 1917, as the Gas and Flame Regiment. Commenting on this regiment, a newspaper in this country said, in part: "The time has gone by for any ethical discussion as to the propriety of using gas and flames against the enemy. The Germans started the fiendish practice and are keeping it up. The American preference would incline toward the use of a gas that would stupefy and not kill or poison, but the Germans have set the pace and the practical officers of the Army realize that their fire must be fought with hotter fire."

The men who comprised the battalion were soon known as the





"Hell Fire Boys." In addition to the throwing over of gas into the enemy lines, the regiment was used also to lay smoke screens which were used to hide troop movements and to unnerve the enemy. One of the pictures Cohen permits us to use, shows such a smoke screen, while the smaller reprint shows the Livens projectors by which the gas and smoke projectiles were launched.

AMERICAN soldiers on the whole were notorious grouchers. But we often heard our colonel say that wholehearted belly-aching about things they didn't like was one of the

things that made his men good soldiers. But just put up to a gang of soldiers a proposition, no matter how far outside the requirements of their job, that would help them themselves, and just watch them fall for it. As an instance, we show a picture of a gang of soldiers in dungarees coaling a ship. Since H. S. Robbins, Past Adjutant and present Senior Vice Commander of Curtis G. Redder Post of Danville, Illinois, supplied the picture, we'll let him tell us about it:

"The picture I enclose shows a bunch of volunteers, men of the Rainbow Division, helping to coal ship for the *Leviathan* in April, 1919. It was found it would be necessary to postpone sailing for home unless more help was obtained to unload the lighters of coal alongside. The men in the picture are mostly members of the 149th Field Artillery, 42d Division, otherwise known as 'Reilly's Bucks.' They volunteered with alacrity in order to prevent waiting for a later tide to sail for home after a year and a half in France, most of which was spent at the front.

"I was a member of Battery A of the 149th Artillery, which was recruited from the ranks of the old First Illinois Field Artillery at the outbreak of the war. We had served on many fronts and taken part in many major drives, firing more than a quarter of a million shells from French 75's. When the call for volunteer coal passers went out, lieutenants, captains, and a few majors, I think, joined enlisted men, donned 'blues' and went over the side to help boost the coal into the bunkers. We sailed with the regular tide and arrived home that much sooner. One of the men in the picture is Captain William W. Bodine of Villanova, Pennsylvania, commander of my battery.



"The picture was taken by Oliver Davis, who also resides here and was the phantom horseman of the last national convention who rode his gray mare into the lobby of the Sherman House in Chicago. Those who remember this coaling detail and others of the regiment can get in touch with former comrades by writing to me."

ANOTHER of the men who failed to reach the Western Front during the World War—in fact, one who served "down under" in the Philippines during that period—has stepped forward with a snapshot taken in the Islands. It shows men of the Fourth Artillery, C. A. C., in most informal attire, from a military standpoint, posed with a carabao, one of the native draft animals. Harry J. Goheen of 232 Roosevelt Street, Bristol, Pennsylvania, has this to report about his service and the picture (on next page):

"When I shipped for army service in the Philippines, I went out for two years, but our country then entered the World War and we had to stay another year. I was in the 4th Company, C. A. C., one of the fifteen companies developed from the original five companies there when I landed.

"First we operated 3-inch field pieces, later set up a 7-inch battery and finally took over a 12-inch mortar battery. Then we were sent over to the ' Battleship Island ' and helped set up the 14-inch mortar battery and were the first to fire it.

"I served most of my three years on Corregidor, except for some detached service near Cavite, the naval station in the Islands.

"The picture shows some of our men with one of the native animals, the carabao, which was used in place of horses by the native farmers. They raised principally rice and hemp, although some harvested peanuts and cocoanuts. I'd like to hear from any of the old gang that solcied in the Islands during 1915 to 1918, especially the men in the picture with me."



**Any old odd job to get started home. Men of the 149th Field Artillery helping to coal the *Leviathan* on which they returned to the States in April, 1919**

HERE'S a mark for our readers to shoot at! We're willing to offer this chance because some really remarkable discoveries have been made through similar stories which have appeared in these columns.

A couple of months ago we received a brief note from Legionnaire Donald B. Adams of 63 Wall Street, New York City, with which he enclosed a clipping which he advised he had taken from a Paris (France) newspaper while there last September. This news item told briefly of a meeting between United States Ambassador to France, Jesse I. Straus, and M. Rene Fiquet, President du Conseil Municipal de Paris—in other words, the Mayor of Paris. In their conversation M. Fiquet requested the Ambassador to express again his gratitude to certain American soldiers who had rescued the Mayor, then a poilu, from No Man's





**Gone native. Would-be cowboys of the 4th Company, C. A. C., pose with a native carabao in the Philippines during the war period**

Land somewhere up in the Verdun sector during the war.

We wrote to the Mayor to learn more of the incident and received a letter from him, which translated into English, reads as follows: "It was good of you to ask me to supply you with information concerning an article which appeared in the *Paris New York Herald* where allusion was made to the fact that during the war the intervention of American soldiers without doubt saved the life of a modest stretcher-bearer who was myself.

"I should like to be able to give you, respecting this personal incident of my military career, information that would be both fully detailed and exact illustrating the courage and the devotion of these brave Americans. Unfortunately—and I think that you will well understand the reason—certain of my recollections concerning the day of September 22, 1917, are rather vague.

"I had been wounded that day at four o'clock in the morning, in the vicinity of Verdun, between Beaumont and Bezonvaux, under the position occupied by the Germans at Jumelles-de-l'Orne—the Twins of Orne. A shell fragment struck me in the temple and in the eye, in large degree blinding me. I experienced great difficulty in rejoining the post of stretcher-bearers situated in the second-line trenches. When I finally arrived there, they told me it was impossible to evacuate me to the rear at the moment owing to the shortage of motor transport. The medical officer in command of the post added that this was highly regrettable considering my condition which, of course, required urgent treatment.

"Two American stretcher-bearers, the name of whose outfit it is impossible for me to say, heard this discussion, and recognizing in me a fellow stretcher-bearer, volunteered immediately to conduct me to the rear. A truck that had been pretty badly battered by shell fire lay in a neighboring ravine. They dragged it out, got the motor to running and put me aboard.

"I undoubtedly owe these men my life. It is one of the misfortunes of war not to be able oftener to find the men who have offered you at a tragic time assistance so valuable.

"If these lines fall under their eyes, I hope that they will read in them the expression of my very live gratitude, just as I hope you will read here my profound admiration for all the American troops who fought at our sides on the battlefields of France."

At the time stated by M. Fiquet, there were no American divisions or other units operating in the area north and east of Verdun where Beaumont and Bezonvaux are located. But there were several of the American ambulance units, which had been serving with the French from early in the war with headquarters at Bras and Vacherauville, which could logically have been bases for ambulances operating in the area in which M. Fiquet had been wounded. We are inclined to believe, therefore, that the two American stretcher-bearers to whom he refers were men of one of the Sections Sanitaires Americaines, American ambulance units. Reference to a *History of the American Field Service* in our library

discloses that Sections Thirteen, Eighteen and Twenty-six of the S. S. U. were among those which saw active service in that area.

We would be as much interested as the Mayor of Paris if the men who rendered this service to him could be found. Let us hope they are Legionnaires, that they will read the Mayor's letter and then make report to the Company Clerk.

**W**HILE Dr. John B. Nutt, Legionnaire of 416 Pine Street, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, does not offer this unusual story as another "first" claim, it might possibly classify as such:

"While reading in the *Legion Monthly* of various unusual wartime experiences, I have wondered if Uncle Sam ever knew of his youngest recruit who was inducted into service in France in the fall of 1918 at Camp Hospital No. 1, Gondrecourt.

"There happened to be also in Gondrecourt, a French civilian institution, part hospital and part old folks' home. One afternoon the Camp Hospital office received a call from the French hospital authorities, asking for the friendly loan of an ambulance to transport a very sick civilian to their place from an outlying farmhouse, several miles away. The C. O. graciously acquiesced and the ambulance was sent in charge of two enlisted men, a driver and an orderly.

"On their arrival at the farmhouse, a French woman, apparently very sick and in agonizing pain, was brought out to the ambulance. A quick trip to the French hospital was made, but

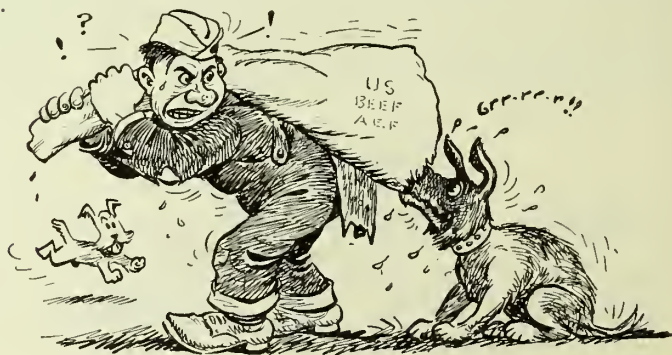
imagine their surprise and consternation when the patient was refused admission because that particular hospital did not and would not accept obstetrical cases. In the meantime the patient, still in the ambulance, was becoming rapidly worse—at least from her outcries as



**M. Rene Fiquet, Mayor of Paris, who states he owes his life to two American stretcher-bearers who aided him near Verdun in September, 1917**

registered on the unaccustomed ears of the driver and orderly.

"Not knowing what else to do they came over to the Camp Hospital with their patient. One hasty look by the Medical Officer on duty revealed no other course but to admit the patient. A screened-off room was hastily prepared and in not many minutes a red-faced squalling baby boy arrived in the Army. Both mother and child made a rapid and complete recovery, despite unusual masculine surroundings, and left the hospital in a few days—with a nice nest-egg for the future French citizen, collected from among the patients and personnel. (Continued on page 63)





# Remember the "Pleasure" Car?

(Continued from page 31)

automobile was a pleasure car. The men who were making automobiles thirty years ago dreamed of a day when their product would be a necessity. But their early cars, expensive to buy and operate, far less reliable than today's ten-year-old jolloppey, were perforce toys for the wealthy men who alone could afford them. Those were strictly for pleasure, and my memories of their performance raise a reasonable doubt whether the pleasure was unalloyed.

As its makers improved the automobile, as roads were built to permit its advantageous use, and as its price dropped to the level where most people either owned a car or aspired to one, its purpose developed toward the useful. Automobile owners began discovering that this vehicle had its practical side. They found ways in which it fitted into their methods of earning their living.

**A**LONG about this time the enthusiasts first claimed that the automobile had attained the dignity of a necessity of American civilization. The man on the street smiled tolerantly at this exaggeration—and kept on speaking of pleasure cars. That such a contraption should be a necessity was unthinkable to him. It was a playtoy, with some incidental utility to a few well-to-do folks.

Gradually the automobile began to touch the lives of more and more people. For instance, outlying real estate around the large cities but not accessible to steam or electric service had been held against a vague future when a carline would come close enough to give it value for homesites. Now it was no longer too far—not for automobile owners. A ten-minute drive from the station was obviously easier, and in bad weather far pleasanter, than the old standard of value, a ten-minute walk. People recognized the remote subdivisions as highly desirable. Thousands of people who had lived close in now found better living conditions far out.

There were even more important social effects on housing. The ideal factory location used to be in the downtown district of a city, adjoining the most densely populated quarter and the central point where street car lines converged. This had many drawbacks—among others, that it made for the congestion that spawns slums. But none of the drawbacks outweighed the advantage of ample labor supply.

Then good automobiles came on the market at prices within reach of factory workmen. Immediately it became feasible to erect a plant on the edge of town or even a few miles out in the country. The workers could drive to it easily. And they themselves could now live where they pleased, away from slum congestion.

The outlying plant, built on inexpensive land, made possible an entirely different type of manufacturing. The downtown

factory occupied land so high-priced that the building had to go up in the air. Materials in process had to be hoisted on elevators and worked on at several different floor levels. The new plant could spread out, could eliminate costly handling of work up and down.

The one-story plant fostered modern continuous-process manufacturing where raw material enters one door and emerges at another as finished product, with never a moment's doubling back over its tracks. This lent itself to a new philosophy of production. It gave American manufacturers an advantage over their competitors in other lands. It brought to the United States unquestioned supremacy in the world's industry. Yet I have never seen the automobile given its rightful credit for this industrial achievement. Without the widespread ownership of automobiles among American workmen, this development would have been impossible.

Effects on rural life in America are at least equally important. As I have told from my own experience, a full-day trip to town shrank to an hour or two. The farmer can now come to town for an evening at the movies, or pay an after-supper call on friends in the next county. With his truck he can haul half a dozen loads of grain to the elevator in the time formerly required for a single trip—and do it on a day when grain prices are up. Where a cannery used to depend on the farmers to grow its fruits and vegetables within a five-mile radius, it now taps a territory at least twenty-five miles in all directions, which means a cash market to farmers thus distant. The automobile broadened the farmer's outlook and broadened his primary markets so that life on a farm since the World War would hardly be recognizable to someone who had moved to the city in the early 1900's.

And it affected the country towns. In horse-drawn days the cross-roads store existed every few miles to supply the neighboring farmers' needs. The rural free delivery came and made it easier to purchase from mail-order catalogues. Still the cycle kept swinging. Automobiles became common, hard roads general. This opened to the farmer convenient shopping in cities formerly inaccessible. Whatever anyone may say, the automobile forced the large mail-order houses to open chains of stores throughout the land; their alternative was to lose a large share of their business back to local merchants.

Movie theaters now became profitable in towns which without the automobile could not have supported them—just as in the cities one finds great picture palaces in the outlying districts playing to crowds brought to their doors at negligible expense in family automobiles. On the other side of the picture, the farmer and his wife who formerly bought their clothing in the

county-seat town of six thousand population began driving, for the sake of wider selections and newer styles—to Indianapolis or Topeka or Chicago. This practically eliminated drygoods and clothing stores from many of the very small communities, since those of their customers who did not drive to the great cities could now easily get to the county seat.

In short, the automobile—quite beyond the anticipation and imagination of the far-visioned—shuffled the cards for rural America and dealt new hands all around. The new hand suited everybody better except the individuals directly hit, once the necessary adjustments had been made. And while in a few hard-hit localities there was for a time a tendency to dramatize the depression, and incidentally break into the newsreels, by hitching work horses to cut-down automobiles, the farmer despite his terrific shrinkage in income has been unwilling to give up his car. How can he give it up? How can anyone who owns an automobile give it up? He lives in a world reorganized on the basis of everybody having an automobile.

A statistical measurement of how the automobile persisted in the face of depression conditions is possible. Of course fewer automobiles are in operation than four years ago. Registrations of passenger cars decreased from 23,121,589 in 1929 to 20,903,422 in 1932, a shrinkage of nine and one-half percent. Everybody knows this in a general way, if not in actual figures.

**B**UT suppose we examine the consumption of gasoline, which is the best available measure of the number of automobile miles traveled in a year. In 1929 the United States consumed 15 billion 617 million gallons of gasoline. In 1932, it consumed 15 billion 497 million gallons. The decrease is seven-tenths of one percent. Meanwhile there has been a steady improvement in the efficiency of new automobile engines, and a rapid increase in the proportion of small automobiles sold by manufacturers. Despite the large number of old cars on the road which have long since passed the age for junking, the number of miles per gallon has probably increased over the entire aggregation of automobiles in use. We see, then, that the automobile has maintained its position remarkably well in a topsy-turvy world, where most business has fallen off in far greater proportion. Even during the bank moratoriums last winter, after a lull of a few days during which people used up what gas they had in their tanks, filling stations the country over reported practically normal sales.

The public is not purchasing automobiles in anywhere near the old-time volume. No matter how much an individual may need an automobile, he cannot buy a new car if he has neither (Continued on page 40)



# Remember the "Pleasure" Car?

(Continued from page 39)

job nor prospects. The dammed-up demand has been shown by the jump in automobile sales that followed last spring's rise in employment and commodity prices. To be sure, prices of new automobiles have come down to the point where today a purchaser gets better value for his dollar in buying an automobile than ever before. But to anybody who is broke and shows every sign of staying broke for some time, the value obtainable in a new automobile is purely of academic interest. Whatever the value, he can neither raise enough to make a down payment nor hope to keep up monthly payments. So, lacking the price of a new car, John Public drives his old one. Which may be very uneconomical for him, but it is the best that he can do.

A drive along any road in the United States, whether Fifth Avenue or a dirt cow-track in the backwoods, will disclose more old jolloppies per mile than were ever before to be seen. Many of them are about ready to fall apart, in fact are held together only by liberal use of haywire. Despite their decrepitude, their owners keep them in service. But every month sees thousands of them go to the scrap-heap from sheer old age.

If the public had not demonstrated beyond all question its unwavering conviction that the automobile is a necessity in

this American civilization we have reared, any automobile manufacturer a year ago might well have pulled his chair over to a quiet corner of his office and considered seriously whether his future was not behind him. Certainly if the industry's rate of production for the first three depression years were taken as measuring the future market, it would not have justified the continuing existence of more than three or four manufacturers of efficient proportions. Had the public made up its mind that the automobile is a luxury that could be done without, it would have starved out most of the industry.

But the public, even before conditions improved in 1933, told us otherwise. It decided: "We need automobiles. We intend to have them. At the first chance we are going to replace our old cars with modern, efficient, economical models. It is only a question of how soon we shall be able to do it."

Let me add, from intimate acquaintance, that anybody who has not driven an automobile manufactured within the past two years has no idea of how superior modern cars are to those manufactured even as recently as 1931. Literally, there is no comparison. Which is another reason why, when business conditions permit people to buy new cars, there will be a rush of buying such as we have never seen. Such a

rush that, with manufacturing conditions changed as they have been by the car improvements of the recent models, I seriously doubt whether the automobile makers will be able to catch up their production to their sales for months or even conceivably years.

In our company we have decided that the automobile has attained the adult stature of an absolute necessity. Therefore we believe that our future is ahead rather than behind us. We are conducting our business accordingly. We have in the past year spent literally millions of dollars in developing better cars, in tooling up our plants to make them, in advertising and selling them to the public. Even though the volume of sales has been small in comparison with the solid years of the late 1920's, it has shown a gratifying increase in our proportion of all automobiles sold.

If we did not recognize the signs from every quarter that the automobile is a demonstrated necessity, we should be content to drift rather than risk millions on the future of our business. But we know in our minds and our hearts that it was not really a risk even in the blackest days of the depression.

Yes, it took the world's worst depression to prove that America could not get along without the automobile.

## Good Soldiers

(Continued from page 19)

outset, another that of pump and engines for the water supply. Another installed electrical equipment, the camp having a plant of its own.

Then there was the camp moocher, a former chauffeur who had talent as collector and pick-up man. Granted the use of a truck, he went out and gathered up, free for nothing, in the town and around about a thousand dollars' worth, so it was said, of material, new and used, that might come in handy in camp. This included piping for plumbing, brick and steel plates for a bake-oven (of which, set up by the brick masons, the C. O. and his men were extremely proud), an assortment of window sash to be installed in the recreation hall and even gasoline drums to be converted into a hot-water-tank and—would you believe it?—into stoves for the barracks.

Admittedly, the vocational experiences of the men in civilian life had much to do with their peculiar usefulness in camp; but their resourcefulness in providing what was needed, their ability to team together, to adapt themselves to conditions met in each job, to get work done and no questions asked, bespoke the soldier.

"You don't have to stand over these men to make them work," said the Regular Army first sergeant with the company. Put them at a job and then walk off—the work goes on."

Work of providing shelter was, however, secondary to the work in the woods. Because of the need of keeping enrollees on construction, in addition to those assigned to regular camp overhead, 142 men had been the highest number sent to the woods in any day. A higher percentage of total enrolment would be used in forestry work later.

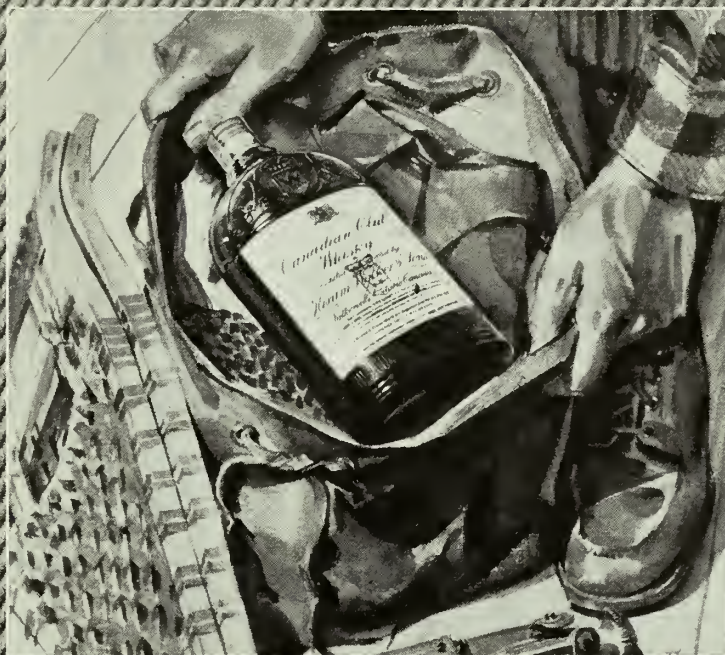
The company was working in a cutover area covered by second-growth timber. This comprised aspen, birch, Norway, white and jack pine, balsam, scattered maple and an occasional oak. (In the best forestry circles in Minnesota one says "aspen" and not "poplar," while "popple" is a fingers-to-the-nose.) The company's main activity was reforestation. That involved two main operations, scalping, or spotting, and planting.

Spotting is scuffing off the turf in the standing timber for later planting of seedlings. It is done with a grubbing-ax or

mattock. For the benefit of effete, unblistered city dwellers who have never made the acquaintance of that useful instrument, let it be said that a mattock is a backbreaker shaped like a pickax but with its ends broad instead of pointed. One edge is in the plane of the sweep of the tool, as with an ax, and the other edge is at right angles to the sweep, as with a hoe. The men of Company 1774 called the mattock a "hoedag" and ascribed to it a singular property that should interest physicists; they said its weight increased the longer it was used. A spot is a square area, two feet on a side. Spots were made six feet apart, side to side, and the spotters then advanced eight feet before making the next ones.

A crew of perhaps twenty men, under a foreman who is usually a graduate of a forestry school, will do spotting in such thick growth that no man can see more than three or four other men from his position. Yet the twenty observe a fairly accurate alignment and space their spots accordingly. At times, the crew advances in echelon, staggering the spots. That makes alignment (Continued on page 44)





## "CANADIAN CLUB"

**W**HEN YOU SAY that "Canadian Club" is a *fine old whisky*, you have world-wide judgment to confirm you. Insuring quality and purity by his careful distilling processes, Hiram Walker was in no haste to market his first "Canadian Club" 75 years ago. For he knew—as you do—that proper aging makes the best of whisky

better. Today Hiram Walker & Sons—operating on a scale undreamed of in 1858—still cling fast to the original Walker principles. Quality and purity are paramount. Aging must go on for years. With principles such as these back of it, any product which bears the Hiram Walker name will conform to the high standard of value established by "Canadian Club."

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# THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Congress, the Four-Point Program and the Buy American Movement  
Inspire Editorials in Department and Post Publications

THE President, in his Chicago address, declared he favored compensation for service-connected disability; on that he and the Legion agree, but he did not say he would be with us in contending there should be no reduction of such benefits as recognized prior to March 20, 1933. Some of his advisers and the National Economy League favored the cuts and will fight to retain them. . . .

The President and the Legion disagreed as to hospitalization for the non-service connected disability case in which the sufferer is unable to pay for it. He thought the patient should go first to his community, then to his State, and if neither could provide the relief, finally to the Government. The Legion believes no man or woman who ever wore the uniform should be pauperized before his community and State.

The Legion contends service connection for all veterans properly granted compensation for it under laws in existence prior to March 20 should be perpetuated. The President does not believe that . . .

The Legion wants benefits already granted veterans' dependents resumed and legislation which shall provide protection for widows and dependent children of veterans. The President said nothing about this at Chicago.

Obviously, the Legion and the administration are far apart; clearly, the President's position is much closer to that of the National Economy League than it is to ours, and the League is vigorously taking advantage of that situation.

But the Legion can win, first by enrolling a mighty membership with an Auxiliary of proportionate power, next by taking our arguments to our local newspapers, which have more influence than the big dailies and magazines, next by keeping before our communities the many good things we are doing.

Votes for our legislators are at home, not in Washington; we must let them know they must listen to the voices of their voters rather than those of administration and Economy League speakers.—*Iowa Legionaire*.

## BUY AMERICAN

THE passing of the prohibition amendment is going to give the veterans a royal chance to Buy American with a vengeance. European distilleries and wineries have been working overtime getting ready a huge supply of alcoholic beverages. European shipping has been laden with cargoes of these products, bringing them into the U. S. A. since the time when the trend against prohibition became marked with the certainty of repeal. Europe scents this opportunity to reap another harvest of golden coin from the American public, from that group of suckers who have kept Europe sitting pretty while America has gone through the most miserable four years of its existence.

You veterans, get your think tank into motion and keep it that way! Think what your purchases of European liquor mean to Europe, and Buy American.

If you are lucky enough to have a few shekels to spend on hip-proof, pass up the fancy labeled champagne from France; pass up

the Scotch and English whiskey and the fancy Rhine wines and the Italian liquors.

California wines and brandies may not compare with the products of France or Italy in romantic prestige; dew from Kentucky and surrounding States may not carry Old World inference of superiority on their labels, but these American products won't make you gag when you think of repudiated debts and broken pledges from across the water. . . .—*The Whazzit, Silver Bow Post, Butte, Montana*.

## DEMAGOGUES, BEWARE!

SELF-SEEKING politicians are given signal warning by The American Legion. The state executive committee in its recent meeting made it clear that the World War veteran of Tennessee is not to be used by cheap demagogues for their own political purposes. Veterans' legislation is a delicate subject. Legion officials realize that any purpose to get just and wise laws for the protection of the disabled and for securing for the veterans the privileges to which they are entitled can only be harmed by the presentation of bills which are motivated more by a politician's desire to get his name in the paper back home than by a sincere purpose to help the veteran.—*Tennessee Legionnaire*.

## WHEREIN WE DISAGREE

THE AMERICAN LEGION has no argument with President Roosevelt when he declares as the first principle of his policy with reference to veterans the hope that "those whose disabilities are of war origin will be given even more generous care than is now provided," to carry out which "the people of this country can and will pay in taxes the sums which it is necessary to raise."

When the President of the United States says, "No person, because he wore a uniform, must thereafter be placed in a special class of beneficiaries over and above all other citizens," The American Legion listens respectfully, and generally agrees. . . .

Above statements by President Roosevelt drew applause that was hearty and sincere at the Chicago convention. Then he said: "If he (the sick or disabled veteran with non-service connected case) has not the wherewithal to take care of himself, it is first of all the duty of his community to take care of him and next the duty of the State. Only if under these circumstances his own community and his own State are unable, after reasonable effort, to care for him, then, and then only, should the federal Government offer him hospitalization and care."

There were no boos and no demonstration of disapproval when this assertion was made by the President. Only the disapproval of a heavy silence, broken by the whispered comments of Legionnaire to Legionnaire, "He's wrong there." "That's not fair." "It's the Government's first duty." . . .

Let us take a case in point in our own State. Hundreds of sick and disabled indigent veterans can find no accommodations at the Multnomah county hospital. Not that the county is



unwilling to care for them but funds are limited and the hospital is badly overcrowded, many beds being placed in corridors. Yet the splendid veterans' hospital on Marquam hill is less than half-occupied. These men should have first call on these accommodations after service connected cases are cared for and before CCC patients are admitted. To do less is to abrogate a solemn contract, none the less binding because unwritten. — *Oregon Legionnaire*.

#### SUPPORT THE SCHOOLS

THE schools of America are faced with a crisis. Approximately 3,000,000 boys and girls are this year without the opportunity of continuing their education and, because of decreases in educational budgets, we now have approximately 30,000 fewer teachers at work in the schools.

The seriousness of the educational situation was brought to light in an address to the annual conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants in Indianapolis, Indiana, Thursday, November 16, by J. W. Crabtree, Secretary of the National Education Association.

The National Americanism Commission in meeting in Indianapolis, November 10, asked that full support be given by Legion posts throughout the nation to relieve the critical situation of our public schools. The Americanism Commission further requests that every American Legion post appoint immediately a committee on education to work in co-operation with other interested agencies in the community toward the solution of local problems as they affect the schools. This committee should be organized for immediate action.—*The Liaison*, Henry H. Houston, 2d, *Post*, Philadelphia.

#### THE LEGION AND THE COLLEGES

MANY Legionnaires were quite exercised during the month by the mouthings of an immature youth at Stanford University, who by editorials in a college paper and before a Legion post, attacked The American Legion. It is doubtful if anyone but himself took him seriously, and his objective to get a "rise" that would feed his ego and gain him publicity, was not obtained in any great measure.

This youth and others of his kind in various universities, including girls' colleges in the East, are but a manifestation. If the Legion is to offset them and fight back, it must ignore these people, and go back of them to the cause.

These attacks are not against the Legion itself, but what the Legion represents—America first and provision for adequate defense of the country in case of war. Back of the propaganda within the colleges is not so much the so-called "red" activity or any particular cult, but the pacifist outfits which for years have been trying to break down our whole scheme of national preparedness. Because The American Legion has this as one of its major objectives, the Legion is drawing the fire.—*California Legionnaire*.

"Sure, I could pay more  
... but for what?"



I'LL admit I used to buy the most expensive brands of tobacco... But along came Old Man Depression and whispered in my ear: "Don't be snobbish... extravagance isn't fashionable any more!"

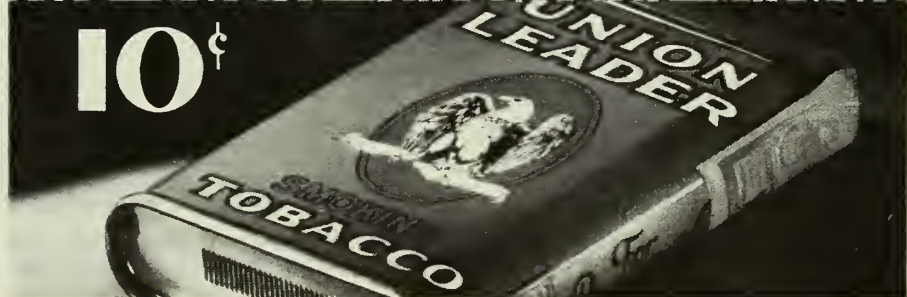
So I bought a tin of Union Leader

for a dime. And believe it or not I have never tasted a sweeter smoke... It's Kentucky Burley, smooth as an old wine, and just as carefully aged. When 10¢ buys a man's sized tin of such tobacco... why should I pay more? (Mighty fine for cigarettes, too.)

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# UNION LEADER

## THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE





# Good Soldiers

(Continued from page 40)

more difficult to preserve, but it is done.

Crews or sections have each an enrollee leader and an assistant leader, at \$45 and \$36 a month respectively. Leaders and assistants also are assigned from among enrollees to permanent camp overhead, as cook, mess steward, supply "sergeant," and so on. The rest of the enrollees get the base pay of \$30.

Members of this and other veteran camps are said to have proved so resourceful and efficient that question has arisen as to whether they might not have been used to better advantage in the conservation program—that is, whether it might not have been wise, at the outset, instead of grouping the veterans in camps by themselves, to distribute them among the junior camps in their regions, where they could have served as leaders.

**B**UT to get back to spotting. Given a woolen or khaki shirt, a pair of overalls, army shoes and a hoedag, how many spots will the average man make in a seven-hour day? Men of the C. C. C. work eight hours, but dinner periods and the time going to and returning from work are credited to that total. The veterans of Company 1774 averaged more than 300 spots a man daily for considerable periods. The high per-man average for a crew was 404 spots in a day. For whole crews, the per-man average hourly ran from 41 to 58 spots. The spot total will vary with the nature of the turf. It was said that "1774" was averaging more spots per man than any other of the 17 camps in the Superior National Forest.

Let's look further into this spotting. A man making 300 of those two by two spots, each of four square feet, will spot or scalp 1,200 square feet of turf in a day's work. That is the equivalent of a plot 40 by 30 feet—about the size of a fair backyard garden. The home gardener should contemplate that for a moment. Yes, many a man has done as well with a golf stick in an afternoon—but that was play, and so another story.

Before final muster out, Company 1774 was to engage in a variety of forest work, besides spotting and planting, and so contribute to the national program to rehabilitate neglected and depleted forest areas—Federal, state, county and, to some extent, private lands—restore them to production.

It wasn't all toil. With Saturday and Sunday off and a work day ended at half after three in the afternoon, the men had much time for games, reading, radio. They adopted and made pets of every stray dog and cat that showed up. Deer were often seen, and bear occasionally. A story was around that in a veteran camp still farther north. Company 1785's, near the Canadian line, a bear came daily for food. A wag put upon the bulletin board a statement

signed "A. Bear" in which bruin offered to be the camp mascot if the men would quit snapshotting him while he was at work on the garbage. He asked for less intimacy on the part of such new friends, saying, "Your manners are terrible."

Members of the Upper Sand Lake camp brushed up on slang suitable for the life. Ham, always on hand and lifesaver of cooks, was "ace-in-the-hole." Prunes were "North Dakota strawberries." A canteen check again was a "jaw-bone," because of the nature of the effort required to get one; it was also a "pie ticket." A spot was a "shin-hole." The farmer enrollees, who at first disturbed the others by getting up long before the whistle, were "hay shakers." "Snuss," much used in camp, was simply snuff.

"There is a common bond among us here," an enrollee told me "that I'm sure is the result of our association in the business of 1917 and 1918. Though nothing is said about it, you feel it. It is something that makes for friendliness and mutual respect. It tends to help us get along together, to work together and make the best of things. We are buddies.

"The men here, as old timers, know how to make themselves comfortable in this kind of life. And the contented man is a better workman for it. The day we arrived, when the cots were placed in the tents on bare sand, the men weren't satisfied to leave them so. They employed an old device which, I have heard, the junior-camp enrollees often didn't know about. Resting on earth, cot legs will sink in, to different depths, and make an uneven bed. Our men at once hunted up pieces of

board to place under the legs, building them up to level and preventing their sinking. Also, they made little tables to have near the cots for clothes and other personal effects, and built racks for the same purpose. As soon as a group occupied a tent, it stretched a clothesline, out of the way. This was in contrast to what, I've been told, was the not uncommon practice in some of the junior camps of hanging clothing and even barracks bags on the tent poles, thereby obstructing passage."

**T**HERE was another veteran camp in the Virginia neighborhood a little farther away than 1774. When word went out that two veteran camps would be established near Virginia, certain of its townfolk protested. One man even went to see Brigadier General David L. Stone, commanding officer at Fort Snelling and commander of the Minnesota district, C. C. C. The delegate viewed with alarm. He submitted that the nearness of those two camps would be a menace to the peace and decorum and welfare of his city.

General Stone told him that the camps would be located where the forest service of the Department of Agriculture had designated them. Also, said the general, his visitor was wrong in his attitude and fears. The general and his family had lived many years among soldiers; he regarded them as protectors. Veterans of the World War, he added, were "splendid American citizens."

The two camps were established near Virginia. And what happened? A few weeks later citizens of the town, under the leadership of J. Burt Pratt Post of The



Phil W. Collins, vice-president of the Chicago convention corporation, hands State Auditor Barrett a check for \$50,000, returning the legislature's convention appropriation



American Legion, threw a party for enrollees of both camps, 300 of them attending. At the same time, Virginia business men entertained at dinner district, subdistrict and local camp officers. At these love feasts there was much testimony that the veterans had won the respect and liking of the community. They were "splendid American citizens."

General Stone pointed out to me that no attempt had been made to militarize the conservation camps, the part of the military having been only to insure reasonable order and discipline, sanitation, health and efficiency. "This enterprise," said the general, with enthusiasm, "is more than a worth-while improvement of our natural resources; it is not only a conservation of

youth; it is a conservation of the American spirit."

THERE is no sirring, no saluting, by enrollees in the camps. In a veteran camp where some of the men began to salute, from old habit, they were told not to. One wonders whether absence of such observances may not prove somewhat demoralizing to the officers in direct command. Little tragedies like this are taking place. A youngster in a junior camp called out, as his C. O. entered the recreation hall, "Say, Cap, come over here for a minute and see—"

The "Cap," momentarily congealing, pulled himself together, went over and saw.

## One Disabled Veteran's View

(Continued from page 25)

countrymen as he marches by in the great parade than I do in my ragged uniform and bandaged wounds. Yet, without the \$400,000,000, the parade would not have got off to such a good start.

I will be reminded that this \$400,000,000 has nothing to do with the allowances of the men handicapped from wounds received in service. And I will respond that they are making the greater part of the contribution. Indeed, only disabled men are affected in the \$400,000,000, because they are the ones being denied. It is patent that without curtailing expenditures very greatly, the NRA could not have been projected. But the two ideas, the economy program affecting the disabled men and the recovery plan, have not been associated together in conversation. Perhaps we would have found it a more tasty dish if when served we had been told that we were being forced to make the contribution in order to aid our beloved country in another great emergency.

In '17 some four million persons out of over 120,000,000 were called upon to make the greatest sacrifices. In 1933 less than a million who are suffering from the effects of their patriotic service are called upon to bear the only burden of hardship in connection with the recovery program. Less than a million persons whose bodies have been mangled in the war machine have to sacrifice a very great proportion of their scanty income so that over 120,000,000 able-bodied countrymen may enjoy more comfort and less worry. Perhaps there is a trace of bitterness expressed by me when I ask why such a small percentage of our people, and they suffering, should be called upon to make the only sacrifices in connection with the great drive for national recovery. I defy anyone to show me any other class of people being taxed as heavily to aid this project.

Industrialists and other employers will shout, "But we are making the greater sacrifice by shortening working hours and raising the wages of our workers." My

answer is the employer is merely making a fairer split of the profits than he made heretofore. Any disabled man will gladly change places with such employers. The employer is merely broadening the purchasing power for his product, which in turn is increasing in price. The employer is called upon to make a very wise investment which will guarantee him a greater income in the future. If this be sacrifice, I'd be glad to be able to sacrifice.

On the other hand, let's go into further detail as to what the disabled men have to do with the program. The Government is saving over \$400,000,000 annually by reducing compensation from a minimum of twenty-five percent to one hundred percent. The writer of this article was reduced twenty-five percent. Against this reduction of income, the only sort of income hundreds of thousands have, we find that the cost of living has increased some forty percent over what it was just one year ago.

Should the hopes of the originators of the NRA be realized, these living expenses will go even higher. Here, without going into further detail, we find the disabled men taking a loss of sixty-five percent. The more serious the disability, the greater becomes the individual loss. Are we not entitled to sport a little badge with the blue eagle on it?

I requested a radical newspaper acquaintance of mine to give me his reaction to this seemingly unfair treatment of the disabled. He berated me severely for not realizing it was the best thing a civilized nation could do. He argued that at least this treatment of us might cool any desire on the part of the youth of the country to go to war. He said there was no place in the modern scheme of life for the weak and infirm, as there was barely wealth enough for the able-bodied producers. While this brutally frank statement shocked me at first, I have come to the realization that his forthright admission contained much logic, and might (Continued on page 46)

"BUT WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE, DEAR?"



TO Mabel, Charley seemed a good catch. To Mabel's mother, Charley was just a good cough. She never could see him with that nose-assailing pipe and his halo (?) of gaspy smoke.

Mabel's new hero is also a pipe smoker—but his pipe is well kept and his tobacco delightfully mild and fragrant. You've guessed the plot. It's Sir Walter Raleigh. A blend of mild Kentucky Burleys so cool and slow-burning that the boys have made it a national favorite in five short years. Kept fresh in gold foil. Try it; you've a pleasant experience ahead of you.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. A-42



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder



# One Disabled Veteran's View

(Continued from page 45)

explain why we are the only class figured to take a loss under the present program. At least, his statement worries me less than that of the man who pretends to be a well-wisher. I can never tell when they are being truthful to me. They tell me that they are in favor of giving us a respectable compensation for our war wounds, then they hot-foot it to their office and write their Congressman demanding that greater reductions in our income be made.

Of course, I suppose each veteran involved feels that his particular claim has been wrongly handled, that the New Deal is not a square deal to him. I have talked to many of these comrades and they all have that opinion. I have made a careful study of the provisions of the Economy Act with regard to claims similar to my own. From my point of view, which is that of a layman, the Veterans Administration actually gypped me.

I note one paragraph provides that any man who lost his arm, as I have, is entitled to a minimum compensation of \$60. If the stump of my arm were two inches shorter the minimum pay would be \$90. That's a lot of money to pay for such useless flesh and bone. In fact, the elbow I have on the stump could not be removed without taking the chance of spreading that dreaded and painful shell infection known as gas-gangrene. The arm, rather the stump, is more painful than it would be if the joint could be removed. So I'm in the very odd position of suffering more because of the infection, but being fined

\$30 per month because they've found no way successfully to cut the worthless joint off without risking serious consequences. Perhaps I'm dumb, but I can't fathom such reasoning.

My arm is only a minor part of the disability I have as a result of my service. I have a leg wound ten times as painful, a much greater handicap, a constant item of expense, and about the sorriest excuse one could have for a leg. The leg was shot through the knee, the entire knee joint being blown away. It is as stiff as the proverbial poker, shorter than my other leg by three and one-half inches, and is as crooked as a corkscrew. The foot on that leg is dropped as a result of important tendons in the leg being severed. The foot is partially paralyzed due to the disturbance and injury to the nerves, and the leg is forever in the way of everyone.

Well, the paragraph in the economy measure dealing with such a disability says that a minimum of \$70 shall be paid for it. So, under the economy measure I should get a minimum of \$130 for my two disabilities. If two men had these disabilities divided, they would get that much. But the Veterans Administration finds that the disability is decreased when combined on one man. And to prove their findings are correct they give me \$63.75 per month, or \$6.75 less than I would get for only the leg wound. Accordingly I'm writing them to the effect that I want to be paid only for the leg.

In order to make the problem more

baffling to me, the Administration can show no authority for reducing these disabilities when they are combined. Logic would reason that should there be a regulation regarding this question, it would specify that the total under the combination of the two disabilities should be increased if anything. Any jury in the world would decide this to be more in accord with justice.

There are a few ifs, which *if* made possibilities would partly disprove the effectiveness of my arguments. *If* I were able to work more than two hours per day, *if* my condition would permit, and *if* I were able to locate such a job, then I'd have no reason to squawk. *If* I could stand the gaff, then the \$15 per week office boy would have nothing on me, because I'd certainly get one of those jobs *if* I could find one.

The latest news from Washington informs us that there has been more money given for unemployment relief in this country in the last three years than has been given veterans of all our wars. The disabled man is barred from participating in such relief funds.

A review of governmental activity under the New Deal would indicate that there is money for anything the imagination might suggest save the proper care of the war disabled. I will admit that I'm puzzled as to what we shall do. I expect The American Legion will be able to right some of these injustices with Congress again in session, but in the meantime what shall we do?

## Native Grapes and Native Sunshine.

(Continued from page 23)

only one year in ten was blessed with plenty of essential sunshine and lack of summer storms, which alone can develop the full sugar content of the grape—the secret of a good alcoholic basis. Similarly, French grape growers face weather variations every year, so that a good vintage in Alsatian or Rhone wines may be a poor one for the Burgundies or Bordeaux, and vice versa.

As a result of such whims of the weather abroad one always will hear much discussion of vintages among the European wine trade and consuming connoisseurs. The year-date in connection with each major wine classification is important in determining price. Aside from the undeniable and common improvement which attends aging in almost all sorts of alcoholic beverages, the matter of vintage is not an important trade-term in California wines. But European vintage discussion creates an undeserved illusion of rare quality—an inference that while all foreign

wines are superior, certain vintages are no less than the nectar of the gods. The American wine trade has had to get along without this particular ballyhoo. There is no real purpose in discussing California vintages when weather conditions generally are constant. Almost never does the sun fail to assure a superlative quality of wine grapes in California. High sugar content is the rule in California and the exception in Europe, so that it can truly be said that in California "every year is a vintage year."

And in that section of Northern California along the Pacific Coast known as the "light wine" counties, as distinguished from the "sweet wine" counties, in that section where a proper equilibrium between fruit acid and grape sugar is always obtained, a very high quality of table wine is produced, which, because of ideal climatic and growing conditions for grape culture, is equal if not superior to the average table wine of France and Italy. We do

not deny that France produces a limited quantity of famous Château wines and Grand Cru wines that are superior, especially in certain years, to California wines. But it must be remembered that these special wines form only a small part—possibly five percent—of France's billion-gallons yearly wine production. Therefore we are safe in repeating that the average California table wine is equal to the average French wine, and that many California wines are superior to the bulk of the French wines or the French wines blended with Algerian wines.

Of the early California wine industry it remains only to be said that its pioneers were experienced natives of the European wine-growing countries—people of German, Italian, French, and Spanish origin or extraction. The descendants of these pioneers dominate the industry today.

Eastern wines are more distinctively American products, and their history goes back much further into the past—indeed,



it may be recalled that Leif Ericson, who preceded Christopher Columbus as a European visitor to our shores by several centuries, named this continent Vineland, supposedly because of the abundance of grapes growing wild. But the wild grapes apparently were not suitable for wine-making, and a year before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock, in 1619, Lord De la Warr imported European grape-vines and experienced vintners to Virginia as an enterprise of the London Company. The experiment was doomed to failure, as were all succeeding attempts for two centuries thereafter. The climate and soil of the Atlantic seaboard was such that European vines could not thrive there.

The first distinctive American wine grape that was perfected was the Catawba, which today produces the most popular variety of Eastern white wine. In the years following many other American grapes were evolved, the Concord, Delaware, Iona, Scuppernong, Isabella, Rogers Seedlings, Ives and Norton, to name a few. In all several hundred varieties have since been perfected, some pure American, some hybrids. Of these some twenty varieties have been found adapted to wine-making.

Up to the time of the Civil War, wine-making in the Eastern States was still chiefly a domestic art. It was founded as an American industry by Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, Ohio, father of the late Speaker of the House of Representatives.

It may be said generally that the Eastern wines have a pronounced and distinctive flavor and aroma, moderate alcoholic strength and high acidity and dryness. Eastern wines require several years of aging, while California wines are potable after one year, though naturally longer aging enhances their quality.

The general classification of Eastern wines is dry wines, reds and whites, sparkling wines and ports and sherries. The sparkling wines made according to the French process of fermentation in the bottle, in the Finger Lakes Region of New York and the Sandusky district of Ohio, have enjoyed a great popularity. The Eastern port is very fruity in taste, of dark rich purplish color, and in flavor is characteristic of the grapes from which it is made. Though different in character from European port, it is highly appreciated.

New York State led Eastern production before prohibition with about five million gallons annually, including her important champagnes. Then came Ohio, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Missouri, which together with New York made a total production of about 9,000,000 gallons. In some other States small quantities were produced, but they represented a negligible production. All in all, the contribution of Eastern wines before prohibition ranged between fifteen and twenty percent of the national production, but as grapes can be grown in about forty different States, possibilities for production are enormous, depending on demand.

It is because California table wines are more analogous in types to the European table wines, and because California offered more favorable growing conditions, that California wines came to enjoy the largest part of the American market. Types of California wines are designated generally by the European geographic or generic names which are the particular lexicon of the wine trade, with the prefix "California" to avoid any misrepresentation.

The California wine-grape industry has not been neglected during the prohibition era. Shipments of wine grapes to other parts of the nation assumed tremendous proportions during the period of the home manufacture of wine. California wine-makers, skilled in an art which has been handed down for generations, have maintained their skill, and scientific advances in cultivation and fertilization have kept pace with progress in other horticultural fields, where America admittedly leads the world. Twenty-three million gallons of wine, aging during the years of the prohibition era, were in storage in California prior to the 1933 vintage. Fine old wines, and newer wines blended with the aged stocks, are now available.

It may be added that California brandies, which are distilled from wine products, will compare with commercial brandies produced in any country in the world.

One may find in American grape beverages the three classes of wine which Europe regards as concomitants of food—the ports and sherries for the aperitif, the table wines in the varieties of personal preference as the liquid accompaniment of fish, entrée, and roast, and brandy, or again port wine, as the digestive aid. Sparkling wines for festive occasions complete the list.

Because of their greater bulk due to low alcoholic content and attendant lower profit, wines have been practically excluded from the bootlegger's lists during the dry era. Many young people who have matured since 1920 never have tasted wine. Their elders, whose normal preference would have been for wines had they been available, have lost the sensitiveness of their wine palates through disuse. The same might be said for those two million American soldiers who sampled and liked wines for the first time in the exciting days of 1917, 1918 and 1919. To all such persons the American wine industry urges at least a trial of home wares.

The matter of promoting temperance through increased use of wine is obvious. The matter of taste rests on the palate of the individual. The matter of price entirely favors American wines, which are of a quality at least equal to the average quality of French wines. And so it is hoped that the future holds a bright prospect for the development of the American wine industry. California alone can produce, if there is the demand, a billion gallons annually, the equal of French or Italian production. The land and climate are there, awaiting the call of consumption.

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# Stop, Look, and Listen!

(Continued from page 11)

Whatsis Wheat Wholies, just because we resented the radio slop they were pouring out for our children's consumption. Apparently a program can work two ways at once, losing old customers for an advertiser at the same time it gets him new trade. Presumably the advertisers know this—they are not stupid, else they would not be making enough money to pay for expensive chain broadcasts. And apparently they figure that they gain more new customers through their popularity with the children than they lose through the parents' disapproval.

All of the incidents so far narrated took place in the Illinois village where we live. They made me wonder just how widespread is this revolt of the parents against unsuitable radio programs. At the same time something was occurring which showed it was not local to us. A group of mothers in Scarsdale, a suburb of New York, made an investigation among their children, their school teachers, and themselves. Then they printed the illuminating results in a pamphlet.

To summarize briefly, they prepared a simple questionnaire for the children in their school. A list of all children's programs on the air between late afternoon and 9 p.m. was submitted to the children. They were asked to show by simple check-marks which programs they listened to and which they liked best. When these answers were sorted and tabulated they divulged some interesting facts.

I HAVE tried not to be owlishly solemn so far in this outburst of an outraged parent. And I promise to return to a chatty style just as soon as I can. But you know how it is, questionnaires lead to statistics just as surely as highballs lead to headaches. At this point I must spread a few statistics before your dancing eyes. Let's make them short, and as sweet as possible. They are too important to skip over altogether.

Disregarding the children below third grade (because the mothers felt their replies less reliable than those of older children) 286 filled in questionnaires. Only three of these did not listen, two from homes without radio sets and one because he dislikes radio. The rest of them averaged more than eleven programs a week, and more than eleven hours. From 5:45 to 6 and from 7 to 7:15 daily 99 percent of all the children were listening. At 5:30 there were 89 percent listening; at 8, it was 81 percent. All of which scientific study checks with my own unscientific observations among the children of our friends. Most of them are at the radio pretty continuously just before dinner time—we get the chain programs an hour earlier, of course, than they do at Scarsdale. Some of the neighbors' kids rush to

the radio shortly after school lets out, and cannot be pried away until soup's on. The parents worry because Eddie and Helen lose their outdoor play, but this is all the good it does them. The young reprobates must have their thrillers.

WHEN it came to tabulating the programs according to the children's enjoyment, the investigators gave themselves a double check. Several school teachers volunteered to listen to the children's programs for a while and rate them according to their judgment of quality. A committee of ten mothers did the same thing. When the programs were listed in the children's order of choice, with the parent-teacher ratings of the same programs alongside, the results were startling.

Of the twenty programs liked best by the children, two were rated excellent by parents and teachers: Numbers 9 and 19 on the children's list. Two were rated good: numbers 1 and 2 on the children's list. Four were rated fair: the children's numbers 4, 7, 10, and 15. The other twelve programs were listed either poor or very poor.

The programs were also tabulated according to number listening. Of the top thirteen, not one was rated excellent. Four were rated good. One fair. Two poor. Five very poor. One not rated, because in making their own investigations the mothers had not thought children heard it.

In other words, these Scarsdale children are just like mine—and probably yours. They like the programs that we think ought to be lynched, though there are some noteworthy exceptions. Their parents were at that time letting them listen to just about what they wanted. It is a safe bet that nationwide results would be no better, for Scarsdale is a prosperous community with far more than average intelligent residents.

Why did the Scarsdale mothers condemn many of the programs? Let's permit them to speak for themselves by quoting a paragraph:

"It would seem, from our ratings, that we do not approve of adventure stories, since we have approved a larger proportion of current events and historical programs. This is far from the truth. We realize that adventure stories play a large part in the lives of our children, but felt that most of the thrillers under review were not good for children. Aside from the excitement and tension they cause, they are usually characterized by very poor English, which the children love to quote; they seem to spoil the children's taste for those things the adults would consider 'worth while.' At a discussion meeting we all agreed that a thriller of a half hour which was complete would be infinitely preferable to

the 'serial,' even though of no more value; it would be at least a completed incident and would be forgotten."

These Scarsdale mothers have not been satisfied to tabulate the results and then drop the topic. The committee has now become a group in the Scarsdale Woman's Club. Four groups of five women each follow the children's programs on the radio—and if you think that is fun for a grown-up, try it some time. I checked them for several days recently. As a class they either put me to sleep or else ran up my cigarette consumption to an unwholesome level—though some few, I hasten to add, were good stuff not only for the kids but also for me. Hard as it is, the Scarsdale mothers do the job, then publish weekly reviews of current programs in the local newspapers. Their reviews must influence the parents of their town, and must reduce the audience exposed to the worst of the children's hours.

My own objections to the lower grades of children's programs have been pretty accurately stated in the paragraph already quoted. But my own inclination, which is no doubt influenced by my prejudices and the make-up of my children, is to vary the emphasis somewhat. I cannot get unduly worried about the nervous tension and excitement, because none of our plump, unexcitable moppets have shown any such effects. My guess is that these seriously harm only children who tend toward extreme nervousness—whose parents have as their special responsibility guarding their own youngsters from all undue stimulation.

NOR do I find myself tearing my hair over the extremely high proportion of crime, violence, and general gangsterism prevalent in these thrillers. Al Smith has been quoted as arguing in the New York Legislature against a proposed censorship law that he never heard of anybody being seduced by a book. I doubt whether we shall live to hear of many seductions traceable to radio. If a child's moral stamina is no more firmly grounded than to be uprooted by radio sketches, he or she cannot long withstand the temptations of the outside world even if there were no radio. While we are on the subject, let me advance that as a sensible credo about gangster talkies, also.

Again, I refuse to get all smoked up about the effect of poor radio English on the children's speech. My own pet theory about English is that, for all the good or bad outside influence to which he is subjected, a child will usually not vary in his lifetime ten percent either above or below the grade of language he hears spoken at home and is held to by his parents.

Where I do vote with the Scarsdale mothers—and I'll wager this is a comfort



to them!—is in the influence of the radio on the children's tastes. A child's tastes are like a horse's mouth. They are soft, plastic, sensitive. The wrong kind of handling will spoil them. Inculcate in a child a taste for blood-and-thunder literature and the chances are good he will never develop a liking for anything above a mystery novel. Develop in him a feeling that anything is permissible if he can get away with it, and you have lost him some delicacies of ethical discrimination which he will sorely miss in later life.

Taste, it seems to me, is increasingly important in this world that offers weekly more kinds of distraction, more complexities of decision, more choices of conduct than were offered in a year to our great grandfathers. Like it or not, we see a steadily increasing proportion of people who demand other than religious sanctions for their decisions. Standards of ethics change so rapidly that what was accepted last year may next year be generally regarded as ridiculous. In short, most of us have steadily less of solid standards to which we can refer for our decisions. By present indications these children of ours now growing up will have even less—and a correspondingly greater responsibility in making their choices.

It is in such a situation that good taste is of major value. The folks who make lasting success of their lives may or may not consider taste a major criterion. But when you check their known conduct against accepted canons of good taste, you find that they almost always agree. If in this changing world we can salvage for our children the good taste which is easily developed in childhood, we shall give them something of major value from which they can never be shaken loose.

It is at this point that many of the radio children's hours make me boil inside and out. (It is where I get pretty sore at the talkies, too, but it is a lot easier to keep small children out of a paid-admission theater than to prevent their turning a dial on a gadget in the living room.) For their influence on the children's tastes is comparable with that of the worst grade of printed trash. The Frank Merriwells and Buffalo Bills of our childhood had to be read behind the barn because our parents thought them too exciting for us. But if you can lay hands on one of those old yellow-backs, read it over and then listen to any one of a dozen radio serial thrillers that might be named. I think you will then see what I'm getting at, even if I do not succeed in expressing it too clearly in words. Frank and Bill were wholesome, uplifting influences as contrasted with some of our children's radio heroes.

Here it is that some of the radio programs offend and earn themselves the lowest ratings by parents, even though they contain nothing that is immoral, even though wrong conduct (as interpreted by the continuity writer) is always justly rewarded by severe punishment, even though everything else. One of my little radio friends for instance—choose one out of

those you have heard and you will be close enough even if it is not the one I have in mind. His morals are pretty good. But imagine, after listening to him for a few times, what hell your home life would be if you had a brat like him among your offspring. Consider what an accomplished little sneak he is—even though his sneaking is usually in a worthy cause. Imagine, in short, how you would like to have your own kids model themselves after the insufferable little pest. Then remember that he is the hero of an exceedingly popular radio serial, and that if your kids listen to him presented daily as a thoroughly laudable character they are bound to emulate him here and there in an experimental way, for such is the imitative nature of children. Remember that he is by no means the worst of the eminent gallery of ill-bred folks who troop through our living rooms and through our children's heads by way of the radio. Then decide whether you would not like to exercise a little more control on this form of entertainment than you are now exercising.

The answer to it all? I don't know. I suspect that as good an answer as any yet devised is the Scarsdale plan where a self-sacrificing group of parents reviews the children's radio programs and publishes its reports in the newspaper. This is an excellent way not only to safeguard the children but also to reward with a larger audience those advertisers who present the right kind of children's programs. And if I have kept harping on the undesirable programs, please do not consider this a blanket indictment of all children's programs. Many of them are good. Since our children are going to do some listening, let's give a helping hand to those advertisers who offer programs that they ought to hear.

I know it is a lot of satisfaction, though I doubt its real effectiveness, to conduct a one-family boycott of products sponsoring the objectionable programs. I wish I were a retail merchant, for I know what undiluted abuse I would pour upon the salesmen of these same companies—by no means cutting off my nose by refusing to handle their products, but laying the hard words on so liberally that a report of my remarks would inevitably find its way to the desk of that sales executive who has the last word about buying radio programs. I think it would be fun to write personal letters to these same sales executives, but I suspect that I never shall, and I suspect still more strongly that if I did I should get no action for my pains. Their best friends must occasionally tell them the horrid truth about their broadcasts.

At a quick, rough guess any unit in The American Legion Auxiliary could get up enough steam to put on in its community a job of radio reviewing comparable to the Scarsdale experiment. And the sooner this is done in all of our communities, the more quickly and surely will our youngsters be safeguarded against an influence which if not exactly dangerous is still pretty thoroughly undesirable.



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# The President Gets the 4-Point Plan

(Continued from page 29)

program calling for a Regular Army of 14,000 officers and 165,000 enlisted men; a National Guard of 210,000 enlisted men with proportionate officers; a Reserve Corps of 120,000 officers; a Reserve Officers Training Corps in each qualified school and college desiring it; a C. M. T. C. of not less than 50,000 youths a year; adequate peacetime supplies and planning for procurement in case of emergencies; and sufficient appropriations for the national rifle matches, the small arms firing school and assistance to civilian rifle clubs.

The Navy program, Mr. Hayes explained, contemplates a treaty Navy and

men to man it; an increase in the enlisted personnel of the Navy immediately from 79,900 to 91,400 to man properly the present stations and ships; with further increases in officers and enlisted men as additional ships are built.

The Legion's recommendations on the Universal Draft Act, Mr. Hayes said, are embodied in S. J. Resolution 42, a constitutional amendment which would specifically provide for Congressional control of prices in wartime. This was recommended in the report of the War Policies Commission, which also recommended the "freezing of prices" at the inception of war

and the confiscation of 95 percent of all war incomes above normal.

"The primary object of the Universal Draft is to promote peace by making war less likely to occur," National Commander Hayes said. "It will not cost one cent to place it on the statute books. If fortune should bless us, and there should be no more wars, its enactment will not affect the life of the nation. But should war be forced upon us, we can then meet it as all thoughtful people know it should be met—promptly and efficiently by a united nation in arms, through equal service from all and special privilege for none."

## Engineer (F)

(Continued from page 27)

proved her worth to the Club and her ability to handle any job assigned to her that she was designated as liaison agent between the Club and its members scattered throughout the service. Her duty was to keep the Club members in service constantly advised of all technical developments in their respective fields, and the work she accomplished during the almost two years the men were in uniform proved invaluable, particularly to those engineers who had given up their practice and closed offices so they might serve their country.

This was not Miss Vickers's only contribution to war service. I failed to report that this busy young woman had also found time to graduate in music. As a proficient pianist, her services were in great demand and were generously given almost nightly in entertainments staged for soldiers in nearby camps and for sailors and marines at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. So while Rae Vickers had no one of her own family in uniform, her personal connection with war service was definitely established.

IN TIME the Armistice was signed and the members of the Engineers' Club who had survived the rigors of service returned to find Miss Vickers to welcome them home. The 103d Engineers had seen much front-line action, serving with the Infantry in some sectors, and had suffered numerous casualties. Late in 1919, in line with thousands of other veterans throughout the country, the war veterans of the Club decided to organize a post of the new veterans' society, The American Legion, which had been born in Paris the preceding March. That action, as time has shown, determined Rae Vickers's first step toward the honored office she now holds.

The Board of Directors of the Engineers' Club designated Miss Vickers to assist its war veterans in the organization of the Post. This work was added to her already strenuous duties as Assistant Secretary, to

which office she had advanced. The Post was named for Donald T. Shenton, who had lost his life in service with the 103d Engineers. If anything had been needed to increase Miss Vickers's interest in the new organization, it was the fact that she and Donald Shenton had been schoolmates.

Among the signers of the application for the Post charter was William Henry Biester, Jr., whose discharge certificate showed that he had served as a Master Engineer, Company E, 103d Regiment of Engineers. But young Biester at that time was just another veteran lining up with an up-and-coming young organization of World War veterans.

During 1920 another new organization was making its appearance. The Legion was enlisting the womenfolk of its members in a women's auxiliary. Donald T. Shenton Post was interested, and again Miss Vickers, although herself not eligible for membership, was pressed into service and, as was expected, saw the job through. The Auxiliary Unit of the post was chartered in November, 1920, and both organizations thrived.

April 16, 1921, is a memorable date in the annals of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, of Donald T. Shenton Post No. 130 and of the Auxiliary Unit of Donald T. Shenton Post. Herbert Hoover, an engineer who had distinguished himself as the American Commissioner of Relief in Belgium, as Food Administrator and in several other important appointments during the World War, and who had been chosen Secretary of Commerce of the United States by President Harding a short five weeks before, had been elected to Honorary Membership in the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia. On the evening of that day Secretary Hoover was guest of honor at a dinner where his membership certificate was presented to him.

Among the guests were Rae Frankenfield Vickers, Assistant Secretary, and

William Henry Biester, Jr., member of the Club and Commander of Donald T. Shenton Post of the Legion. That was the occasion of Miss Vickers's first social engagement with Billy Biester, although they had long been friends, and he had been among her official correspondents when she served as liaison agent with Club members in the service during the war days. A photograph of the presentation ceremony inscribed to Rae Frankenfield Vickers by Secretary Hoover hangs in Mrs. Biester's home.

THREE days after that event—I have this on the statement of the two interested parties—a rather perturbed young electrical engineer presented himself at the home of Miss Vickers to ask her father a very important question. Mr. William W. Vickers backed away a few paces, sized up the caller and said, "Well, young man, I think you'll do." On October 1, 1921, Post Commander William Henry Biester, Jr., and Rae Frankenfield Vickers were united in what was probably the first all-Legion wedding ceremony in Philadelphia, if not in the entire country. Commander Biester's staff of Legion post officers attended the wedding party, while Mr. Vickers stepped aside so that "Dad" (H. E.) Shenton, father of the man for whom the Post was named, might give Rae Vickers in marriage. When Mr. and Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., stepped from the portals of the church, Mrs. Biester's application for membership in the Auxiliary Unit of Donald T. Shenton Post was accepted.

The Auxiliary Unit had had plenty of evidence of Mrs. Biester's ability; it knew of her work for the Unit and for the Post even before she could become actively affiliated. It is not surprising, therefore, that in less than two months—in December, 1921—Rae Biester was elected President of the Unit, but it is unusual that at the same time she was elected District



Deputy of the Department of Pennsylvania of the Auxiliary. Her enthusiasm, her good nature, her tireless efforts, her charm, her almost uncanny ability to keep everyone connected with her in a happy, co-operative spirit were bound to carry her forward rapidly in the work she had chosen. In August, 1922, Mrs. Biester was elected Recording Secretary of the Pennsylvania Department, and the following year she was elected First Vice President.

WHEN the 1924 department convention was held in August, Mrs. Biester was unanimously elected Department President, and so successful was her leadership that she was re-elected unanimously to serve a second year. She therefore has the distinction of having held this high Department office twice by unanimous choice of her Department's members. Her work for the disabled has been indefatigable, the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia and the Veterans Hospital at Coatesville being her special personal care.

Her interest in war orphans is equally great. During her first term as Department President, while on an official visit to the State War Orphans' School at Scotland, Pennsylvania, she discovered that the children were without books to read. At her request, two unoccupied rooms in the school were placed at her disposal. They were promptly converted into a library and a call sent to the Auxiliary for books. Now the children have a modernly-equipped and well-stocked library for which the State has provided a librarian, while the Auxiliary Units of Pennsylvania continue to donate books or contribute funds.

At the close of her first term as Department President, Mrs. Biester edited the first edition of *The Auxiliary Annual* of the Department—the only publication of its kind in the national organization. When she had completed her second term, the Pennsylvania Auxiliary had been firmly established on a sound business basis.

When the Auxiliary National Convention was held in Philadelphia in 1926, Mrs. Biester was its official hostess in her capacity as Chairman of the National Convention Committee. During the year 1927 she served as National Membership Chairman, and at the National Convention in Paris that fall she represented her Department on the National Executive Committee. The succeeding year her Department Convention honored her by appointing her editor for life of the *Annual*, which upon the publication of its ninth volume had netted the Department a profit of more than five thousand dollars. At the same Convention she was made a member of the Department's Executive Board for life, and also a life delegate to all National Conventions.

She distinguished herself and was of estimable value to the Auxiliary and to the Legion during her term as Chairman of the National Legislative Committee during 1928, and in the year following served the national organization as Chairman of its Finance Committee with conspicuous suc-

cess. Additional honors were given her by her Department when it elected her Permanent Secretary-Treasurer of Pennsylvania's Past Presidents' Parley. At the National Convention in Portland in 1932, she served as parliamentarian, and during the past year, just preceding her election as National President, she added to her remarkable record of service by filling with great credit the important Chairmanship of the National Rehabilitation Committee.

With such a record of service, is it any wonder that Mrs. Rae Biester has been rewarded by election to the highest office of the organization to which she has devoted so much of her boundless energy and leadership and great-hearted spirit? But with all the honor she has earned, Rae Biester is still fundamentally one of the rank and file of the Auxiliary which she commands this year. Her unit has made her life Historian and she still serves her Department and the Philadelphia County Council as parliamentarian.

Even though Donald T. Shenton Post of the Legion has long since opened its membership rolls to veterans other than members of the Engineers' Club it is still an affiliate of the Club, and its meetings are held at the clubhouse. I met several members of the post in Chicago when they serenaded Mrs. Biester just after her election as National President and again had that pleasure while in Philadelphia. From all indications, Mrs. Biester is considered as much a member of the post as of its Auxiliary Unit. She is always an honored guest at the post's Armistice celebrations and is the only member of her unit who has upon invitation addressed the post on numerous occasions.

THROUGH those post members I learned that Colonel J. H. M. Andrews was the first Commander of Donald T. Shenton Post, had commanded B Company of the Engineers when it had first been recruited from members of the Engineers' Club, and had also served two terms as President of the Club. That indicated to me that he would be a logical source of information about Mrs. Biester's interestingly active career with the Legion and its Auxiliary and with the Engineers' Club.

The work of the Assistant to the President of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, which position he now occupies, was entirely suspended for almost an hour while I learned from Colonel Andrews of the high esteem in which Mrs. Biester is held by him and by every member of the Post and of the Club. He recalled Rae Vickers's first position with the Club in a minor secretarial capacity, told of her rapid advancement and said:

"Mrs. Biester does the pick and shovel work of the Engineers' Club. In her present job as Assistant Secretary she has assumed practically all the duties of the club office—she carries ninety percent of the executive work and has all the business details of the club always at her finger tips. She has a splendid executive capacity and with her personality and (Continued on page 52)

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TOMORROW ALRIGHT

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# Engineer (F)

(Continued from page 51)

her ability to adjust difficulties has proved to be absolutely indispensable.

"Every president of the Club for the past fifteen years has leaned upon her for assistance in carrying on his office and all have the warmest personal friendship for her. I am under tremendous obligations to her for the aid she gave me during the two years I served as president. She never misses a bet—she thinks of everything, and no detail is too small for her personal attention. She not only does her own work but looks for jobs and is always ready to help others with theirs. Frankly, I don't know how we are going to get along without her during this coming year."

TWICE each year—in midsummer and during Christmas week—Legionnaires of Donald T. Shenton Post transfer their post activities to Drexel Hill, a suburb of Philadelphia. On those two occasions, Rae Biester turns over the house which she and Billy Biester call home to the Legion. After having been a guest in that house, which breathes an air of comfort and livableness that bespeaks a true home-life, I feel just a little offended that the post wouldn't make me an affiliate member so that I could be included in the invitation. When I visited there the gracious hostess who presided over the luncheon table had also prepared the meal.

In a sunny corner of the upper floor is a room which couldn't rightly be called a living-room nor yet an office. It is a happy combination of both, with a comfortable divan, a rest-inspiring armchair, Dick the

family cat purring on its hassock, and flowers sunning themselves in a window corner. But also among the furnishings are a handsome walnut chair and desk—a gift to its Past President from the Pennsylvania Auxiliary—and a business-like typewriter.

Mrs. Biester's "rare ability of keeping everyone with whom she associates in a constructive happy mental attitude" was amply demonstrated when in November she was invited to address the conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants in Indianapolis. She displayed also her innate sense of humor and her canny judgment of men gained over a long association in directing their activities. Let us listen to part of what Mrs. Biester had to say to those assembled Legionnaires:

"This is the first opportunity that has been mine to smile on you, en masse. It isn't difficult—you are easy to smile upon.

"You already know that the program of The American Legion Auxiliary is the program of The American Legion. Always you will find us right beside you.

"I ask of you, although I am confident it is not necessary, to build up and maintain the strongest kind of a friendly, helpful relationship with The American Legion Auxiliary in your respective Departments. That happy condition now exists everywhere, but all good things can be augmented. Don't be matter-of-fact and just know that your women will do certain things without any overture from you. Of course they will—but a gracious letter of appreciation for some particular piece of

good work accomplished, a telephone call telling your Department President of some new idea you would like to launch with her help, or an unexpected bouquet of flowers from your Adjutant to your Secretary for a little favor she has rendered—well, you know women! But, seriously, gentlemen—you will find Auxiliary women eliminating little luxuries of life to pay their husbands' Legion dues—your membership will increase and so will ours.

"I am happy to smile, always, on the Department Commander and Adjutant of my own Department. Their kindnesses to me and their belief in me will always be a cherished possession.

"I want very much to know you all. My office is on the second floor. The door is never closed. Won't you always be free to come in? Thank you for all the things you will do to help the Auxiliary, and don't forget—'Come down and see me sometime.'"

It is needless to add that the National President's work was continuously interrupted during the succeeding days of the conference by a string of Legion callers. Perhaps, now, the minds of certain Department Secretaries will be set at ease regarding unexpected gifts of flowers from their Department Adjutants!

Perhaps, even, had I permitted you to listen in on Mrs. Biester's talk to the Legion conference at the beginning of this story, the story could have gone unwritten. It explains more concisely than I can the charm and tact and leadership of the woman whom the Auxiliary honored by unanimously electing her to its Presidency.

## NRA and Codes and Such

(Continued from page 13)

It seemed an established rule that every third member of a delegation should carry a "code case," which to my untutored eyes seemed no different from an ordinary brief case. But in Washington they were code cases, and it seemed impossible to get one's shoes shined or a beer and a sandwich without bumping into the word code.

The Blanket Code did, in sooth, take in about everything under the sun. It was designed as a temporary catch-all, under which industries might operate until their specific codes were completed. The Blanket Code became effective on August 1st, and Hugh Johnson boomed that "the nation will be out of the depths of this depression by winter." Thus things started off with a bang, and looking back I think this was a good thing. It took a bang in those days to attract any attention at all. Work on specific codes went forward at the feverish pace set by Johnson himself. His office hours were from 8:30 A.M. until

2 A.M. It was nothing for him to rout out the representatives of an industry at midnight and send them scurrying to his offices for a hearing on this or the other section of its permanent code.

Meantime Legionnaire Johnson's publicity staff was rousing the country, and the embattled general himself received the newspaper men twice a week. This writer has attended press conferences in many parts of the world, but none in which the presiding genius had the newspaper boys working for him as did Hugh Johnson last summer and early autumn. Not even the conferences of the President were more largely and enthusiastically attended. His picturesque vernacular, his instantaneous responses to a veritable barrage of questions, sent case-hardened reporters away to their typewriters under a crusader-like spell.

The lapse of four months gives us a certain perspective on those hurtling days,

and when all is said it is hard to imagine how anyone, given the difficulties that encircled Johnson, could have done the job better. On the other hand it is easy to conceive of some judicially-minded hair-splitter messing things up by losing the golden opportunity to seize upon the imagination of the people.

About the time that ringsiders were wondering how much longer Johnson's nerves and physique could stand the strain and what would happen to the machine should he leave it, a minor operation took him away to the quiet of Walter Reed Hospital. There he rested and thence he returned refreshed, but no longer Number One man in the spotlight, next to the President. The noise was over. NRA had passed into another phase.

What, then, has this National Recovery Administration accomplished since its inception in July, and what remains for it yet to do?



Well, there are three and one-half million persons employed who were not employed last March. Enthusiastic partisans give NRA exclusive credit for this accomplishment. Last-ditch critics give NRA no credit for it and contend that the march back to jobs would be greater had the blue eagle never been hatched. The truth, I think, lies somewhere between the two extremes, the preponderance of evidence indicating that NRA has been a salient factor in the increase of employment.

But it is putting the cart before the horse to speak first of employment, the gauge by which we are so apt to pass snap judgment on the success or failure of any undertaking in the recovery program. When a man goes back to work he must be paid wages in money, and that money can come only from the profits of the industry in which he is engaged. The basic job of NRA has been, then, to formulate and enforce regulations by which industry can operate at a profit. This is a complicated process, differing with each industry, but by and large it means the elimination of the cut-throat competition and distress-selling that grew up during the depression. What NRA does through its fair-practice codes is to adjust hours and wages and pro-rate outputs so that all lines may market their product at substantially the same price. This is contrary to the old individualistic system of industry and even to the anti-trust laws which made a virtue of free competition, but it is rescuing us from the state of chaos we had reached last winter.

Thus industry is able to lay its hands on the wherewithal to meet payrolls and to put more men on those rolls. This money is spent, passing from hand to hand, and that is the thing that really maintains prosperity.

No mere "Buy Now" slogan will stimulate spending if the people have no faith in industry or if industry has no faith in itself. One of the elementary tasks of NRA has been to restore public confidence in industry by making it profitable to all concerned, meaning capital, labor and the public. An interesting illustration of NRA achievement thus far may be found in what it has done for one of the best-organized of our industries, steel, as well as for our most primitively-organized industry, oil.

At the low point of the depression the operations of the steel industry had sagged to fifteen percent of normal. Yet so staunchly was this industry constructed that it was still intact, and some of its representatives went to Washington not at all convinced that government participation was required to pull it out of the hole. For years "Keep the Government Out of Business" had been the motto of "rugged" individualism. A contrary step would be "revolutionary" and all that sort of thing. The fact lost sight of was that the Federal Government is the only agency big enough to impose the discipline necessary to stop the competitive practices that have increased rather than mended the vexations of this depression. The steel industry had

a system of internal discipline and prided itself on this fact. But under the stress of hard times this discipline was insufficient to prevent price-cutting, wage-cutting, sales at loss, falsely-dated invoices, abuses of credit and other devices of desperation to make a dollar today at the expense of two dollars tomorrow.

After a few months' trial under code operation this imperial industry is astonished and gratified over the results, and its leaders hope the old evils are gone forever. True, they expect, when the time comes, to be able to resume mastery of their own household and to do for themselves what the Government is doing for them now. But for the present improvement they give credit to NRA. When the Code was signed operations had jumped, under the stimulus of the spring and early-summer boom, to more than 50 percent of normal. Since then they have eased to about 38 percent. But despite this, employment has increased 21 percent, bringing the total at work to 417,000 as against 420,000 in 1929. Payrolls have increased 22 percent or about \$9,000,000 a year despite a cut of 22 percent in the hours of the average working week.

Though steel came under the blue eagle with reluctance in some quarters, oil presented itself at Washington begging the Government to save it from destruction, and willing to try almost anything to that end. To this abject condition was reduced an industry whose volume of business had dropped at the low point of the depression only seven percent as against eighty-five for steel. Steel or any other well-integrated business could have taken a seven-percent dip without turning a hair. But oil was on the brink of ruin.

The reason was unrestrained competition and the utter failure of internal regulation to deal with the basic evil of overproduction. If you and I own oil leases which adjoin each other, and I take a notion to put down a well, irrespective of the needs of the industry for more crude oil, you also must put down a well or my drilling will drain the oil from underneath your land. Thus the evil is multiplied. First the industry itself tried to cope with this problem, and by curbing production to raise price to a profitable figure. It found that if one field would agree to limit production and thus lift the price of crude a few cents a barrel another field, somewhere, would pump all the faster to get the benefit of that price. Then the industry appealed to the States, and Governor Alfalfa Bill Murray broke into the news with his use of the National Guard to lessen the flow from Oklahoma fields. Prices rose. But what happened in Arkansas and Texas? They stepped up production and prices fell. State control proving ineffectual, the industry's last hope was the Federal Government.

A code was signed, and so important did the President regard it that he placed in charge as Oil Administrator the competent Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, who established a (Continued on page 54)



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30x5-00-19	2.40	30x3-35 1/2	2.45
30x5-00-20	2.45	30x3-35 1/2	2.45
30x5-25-18	2.90	30x3-35 1/2	2.45
30x5-25-19	2.90	30x3-35 1/2	2.45
30x5-25-20	2.95	30x3-35 1/2	2.45
30x5-25-21	3.25	30x3-35 1/2	2.45
30x5-50-18	3.15	30x3-35 1/2	2.45
30x5-50-19	3.35	30x3-35 1/2	2.45
30x6-00-18	3.40	30x3-35 1/2	2.45
30x6-00-19	3.45	30x3-35 1/2	2.45
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# *NRA and Codes and Such*

*(Continued from page 53)*

precedent among Cabinet officers by working at his desk in his shirt-sleeves. Thus for the first time since the anti-trust laws removed John D. Rockefeller, the elder, from supreme control of the industry has that spraddling, self-willed and refractory giant had a real boss. Rockefeller left the oil business one of the most prosperous in the world. Ickes found it increased a hundred fold but almost bankrupt. Ickes, or someone, has years of work before him to tame permanently this wild industry whose get-rich-quick methods brought it to the door of the almshouse. But in three months, mainly by limiting production, NRA has placed a

considerable part of it on a paying basis for the first time since 1930.

So much for two examples of blue eagle achievement. The parades are over and the drums are still, but Washington's hotels still enjoy a profitable custom. More than 120 codes have been signed, hearings on 170 others are complete, and 500 more are in the hopper. Inequalities in early codes are being ironed out. Never has NRA's acre of offices been busier, and the machine works without a steam-whistle. Henry Ford, an individualist if ever there was one and something of a showman as well, declines to sign the Automotive Code, but he has met its terms as to wages and hours

and the Government is buying Ford cars when the bids are right. As a matter of fact Mr. Ford was one of the first of manufacturers, years ago, to anticipate some of the features NRA is making common to all industry. With the disconcerting rays of the limelight now focussed elsewhere American business is beginning to understand the practical benefits of this orderly revolution. It is beginning to discern the merits of a thing which last summer it was thundered at and asked to accept on faith, like an ecclesiastical miracle.

Another year of such progress should make a great difference to the welfare of all of us.

## *How Goes the Navy?*

*(Continued from page 9)*

an officer may lose a battle. If a gun-pointer does not know his business or has a mental lapse, if any connecting mind in the elaborate fire-control system, or in any detail of the increasingly technical teamplay, is slow or untrained, this may be fatal.

It is all right to call the enlisted men gobs, just as in 1917-18 when chief petty officers were the same kind of monarchs in the Navy as top-sergeants in the Army. Some of the elder officers object to gobs as undignified, but not the younger, and not the bluejackets.

The main change of late is that the Navy has become more married, and consequently more domesticated. Rough liberty is rarer, the standard of education higher. Few men have a girl in every port since the fleet visits few ports. The return from maneuvers, or target or battle practice is to the home port of San Pedro or San Diego where there are long periods of drill in harbor to save the cost of steaming.

A man meets a nice girl ashore; they see Hollywood and Los Angeles together. He demonstrates to her that he is a fine fellow and very lonely at times even if he does live with a thousand other men on a big battle-boat; that he is no philanderer of the seven seas, but stays put where she can keep an eye on him.

He marries and settles down to family life on his leaves, his work on board ship instead of in town or in an orange grove. Marriage means he must celebrate the event by setting up the cigars for his division, or he is panned as a poor sport. His pay is not high, and when it was cut fifteen percent in the economy program the bachelors plumed themselves as sons of wisdom.

However, though his pay was reduced, he was sure of it. He could not lose his job except by courtmartial. When his time

was up and he saw the lines waiting for breadtickets and jobs so hard to get, he re-enlisted. There are more old-timers in the Navy than before the depression; personnel is more experienced and seasoned. There is room for fewer recruits. The chosen among the many applicants of the unemployed, after they leave the training stations, are surrounded by a larger body of old hands. There is time to try out the newcomer and find what he is best fitted for. No novice serves in any difficult, highly vital task.

The pay cuts were not attended by the NRA's thirty-five or forty hour week. Naval crews, except when on leave, know a seven-day, all-day week in that common shop, lodging and boarding house, their ship. No wonder they feel relaxed and gay when they get ashore. Their confinement explains why sailors made rough liberty in the days before the nice girls domesticated them.

Beyond industry and strict attention to detail in formal discipline there is what is called spirit, not only of one ship or squadron—or battalion or division, as we would say in the Army—but of the whole. This is something you cannot lay your finger on, as hard to analyze as the human temperament. You seem to breathe it in with the atmosphere. There may be no outward signs that it is inwardly slipping. Sometimes only the test of war reveals the retrogression. As we used to say in France, "What's got into that outfit? It used to be on its toes."

Our Navy had good reason to lose spirit after the Washington Arms Conference and to lose still more after the London Arms Conference. At the end of the World War we had the most powerful navy in the world built and building. This was the result of the program of 1917-18, which might have kept us out of the trenches if

it had been started in 1914, as you know.

We were sure there would never be another war—just as sure as we had been after previous wars—and to make doubly sure there would not be, made the heaviest sacrifice at Washington to bring our fleet down to the ratio that would satisfy other nations. We scrapped our new battle cruisers; altogether we scrapped 480,000 tons of naval vessels at a cost of one hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars.

After the Washington Conference other nations kept their actual building close up to their ratio or edged over it. We passed wish legislation authorizing more ships, but no appropriations for their building. So they remained on paper. At the London Conference we were well below our ratio. After that, we continued to fall behind.

Our people mistook the wish legislation for action. Our Navy was in a false position. It was supposed to have power that it did not have. It lacked the encouragement of having the people behind it, of feeling it was a part of the blood, flesh, bone and mind of the nation. Public indifference accepted the Navy as a kind of necessary evil or public faith in peace talk saw it as a needless luxury. If there were never to be another war the last of the Gold Star mothers would be those of the World War; there would be no more totally or partially disabled.

But the lonely Navy was still the Navy. It knew how the people, in case of war, would suddenly begin asking in acute alarm what they had failed to ask in peace, "How goes the Navy? Is it strong enough?" as statesmen who neglected it were pilloried by belated criticism. The Navy kept up its spirit in making the most of what it had. It kept up its spirit, while it was falling further and further below its ratio; kept up its spirit until in 1933



world peace talk was swamped in world war talk.

As he reads the current news, that naval expert, the disabled man, may recall that there were few war alarms in 1913, the year before the outbreak of the World War. Of late war alarms have been sounding from the East and West, from the China coast to the English Channel.

After having taken Jehol as well as Manchukuo Japan, the prepared, Japan of the sudden and powerful blows, enormously increases her army and navy appropriations in face of a huge national deficit. Will she strike for Vladivostok and the mastery of Russia's eastern maritime provinces, forcing Russia back to Lake Baikal before she can finish double-tracking her trans-Siberian railroad and prepare for effective resistance?

There is ferment in all Asia, affecting all European policy, all world policy. Will Japan make it the opportunity for another advance in her destiny as the ever aggressive and spreading oriental power? A European war would give her a free hand.

**T**HE next world war will very likely be a truly world war—Asia as well as Europe the battleground.

Only west of the Rhine does democracy, for which we fought to make the world safe, survive among the great nations. East of the Rhine all are under dictators who hold the decision for war or peace in the hollows of their mailed fists, subject to their personal moods.

Germany, in her Hitlerized outburst of long-suppressed volcanic wrath over the terms of the Versailles Treaty, would depend upon arming rather than counsel to recover her lost territory and prestige. We hear serious reports that France and Poland, and the Little Entente, will strike her before Germany can prepare to repeat the mighty blows which she struck in 1914-18.

There is a crisscrossing of alliances; European intrigue and fear make fuel for racial hates and animosities, as the nations glare at one another in restless suspicion, hands on gun-triggers and squadrons of bombing planes ready to get the jump on an enemy. Many well-informed people are convinced that a European war must come soon, hard as it is to believe that Europe will go mad again.

Self-communing idealism and pacifism cannot close its eyes to the facts. In face of them our Navy is as handicapped as an army going into action short of machine guns and light artillery. At the arms conferences our fight has been for heavy cruisers of long steaming radius—though we have failed to build the number allotted to us.

We have two long coast lines to defend; from one to the other our battleship fleet must pass through the Panama Canal far to the south of Florida or California. We have no bases in distant seas.

So we must have powerful cruisers that can travel far without refueling; so we built dirigibles, which, as scouts, have a

much longer range than heavier than air machines, or the German Zeppelin would not be making regular passenger trips from Europe to South America.

Meanwhile other great navies make their concentrations with short coast lines, within a day's ride of any part of their homeland. In this contrast between their position and our own is the difficulty of getting a yardstick in establishing ratios. Other nations want us to use their yardsticks, but we must have one of our own.

Our huge aircraft carriers, built on the hulls of the scrapped battle cruisers, carry too many eggs in one basket.

Our weakness in destroyers, so vital in combatting submarines, for an efficient whole of teamwork is only less serious than that in cruisers. On paper we seem to have a sufficiency, but these are of the obsolete type, hastily and not too well built as a part of the prodigal program of the World War. They are not only ineffective, but any day we may hear that one which is caught in a heavy sea has buckled and gone down with all hands on board. If that should happen in sight of a newsreel camera—what a public uproar of indignation!

However well our personnel may be trained it may be fatal if we have not enough of it. All our ships in commission are from ten to twenty percent undermanned. For want of personnel we have laid up ships, thinking to man them in a hurry, without thought of where the men are to come from. This is a fatuous thing—as though, instead of sending men to the army training camps in 1917-18, we had only taken their names and addresses, and said, "Boys, we will call you and put you on transports at once if we find we need more troops in France."

**O**THER nations keep all their ships in commission except when they are being overhauled; they keep all their ships fully manned. They have immense reserves, for they do not forget that there will be casualties to be replaced and the demand for auxiliary personnel in administration.

Including our Naval Reserve we are ten thousand short to man the navy we have. So our neglect to build up to ratio does not give the full measure of how far we are under our quota. After we have exhausted our naval reserve where are we to find men who know how to man the guns and complicated machinery of a naval vessel?—when the part of the Navy is to be ready to spring into instant action with all its power.

Thus I am giving the truth of our naval situation which was brought home to Washington with the change of world peace talk to world war talk. Within the powers granted him, President Roosevelt, who, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the war came to know naval needs and, how long it takes to build ships, gave naval spirit a fresh fillip last spring, when he authorized the building of two new aircraft carriers, one heavy cruiser, four light cruisers, (Continued on page 56)

# "MY WIFE WAS CERTAINLY SURPRISED"

—writes Mr. W. M. Burdick of Harrison, N.Y.

Each form of tobacco has its devoted followers. Mr. Burdick, who writes the letter below, was a cigarette smoker. Read what happened to him when he followed his hunch to try a pipe and Edgeworth.

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Listening to your Radio program, "The Corn Cob Pipe Club," many times I decided to try your Edgeworth tobacco.

In that I have been an inveterate cigarette smoker for over 30 years (averaging from 40 to 60 cigarettes a day) you can readily see that I had to be "shown."

Over a month ago I acted on a "hunch" and went in to my cigar store and surprised my dealer by buying a pipe and a POUND of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

My wife was certainly surprised to see me smoke a pipe—and I frankly admit that now I PREFER your tobacco in my pipe to any cigarette.

I find that since smoking Edgeworth I have not had the "dull head" which I felt early in mornings and believe that I have done well to switch to EDGEWORTH.

W. M. Burdick



Edgeworth program gave him a new idea.

The makers of Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco also make cigarettes. Therefore the publication of Mr. Burdick's letter is not an attack on cigarette smoking. The letter is published because it shows how a man found new pleasure and contentment from tobacco when he "discovered" pipe smoking. The unusual combination of real tobacco flavor and genuine mildness of Edgeworth won Mr. Burdick to pipe smoking.

Many pipesmokers declare that Edgeworth gives them a pleasure and satisfaction they do not get in any other blend. It is a matter of personal taste. You can settle it for yourself by saying "Edgeworth" to your tobacco dealer and asking for a 15¢ pocket package.

The Corn Cob Pipe Club is on the air every Wednesday night at ten o'clock Eastern time, over the WEAFF Coast to Coast network of the National Broadcasting Company.

Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco is manufactured and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.



He bought a pipe and a pound tin.



# How Goes the Navy?

(Continued from page 55)

24 destroyers, four submarines and two gunboats.

Our naval constructors hastened the general designs, and turned the vast detail of completing them over to the builders in order to facilitate rapid building. But we faced the same reality that we did in our program in the World War—the long process of manufacturing the material and putting it together.

With this addition we shall not be up to our ratio at the next arms conference in 1936. Only by immediate authorization of further ships and rapid building can we be up to ship ratio by 1939. The next step, if we would be really up to ratio, is an increase of personnel to man ships built and building. All the money spent on building goes for American labor and material. The personnel spend pay in home ports. The question in the depression is if a man might as well be paid wages working in the Navy as in relief.

The enormous cost is cheap insurance against another colossal war debt and against death or crippled futility for life for tens of thousands of youth. But we are told that we will know better the next time, we will not be drawn into another foreign war. In the first months of the World War we were equally sure we would not be drawn into that. The trend of events took our destiny in hand to the tune of four million men in uniform and two million in France.

No one knows better than the disabled man that once war insanity is loosed on the highroads of sea and land there may be no discrimination against neutrals.

We do not want a navy to dispute the possession of the Yellow Sea with the Japanese, the North Sea with the British and Germans, the Mediterranean with the British, French and Italians.

We do need a navy that may be so capable to answer the call to distant seas that we may never have to send it; a navy that can put war insanity in a straitjacket instead of sending a huge army against it; a navy that has the power before our public passion is aroused for war by outrages on our commerce or citizens, to serve notice on world anarchy that it can spread no further.

We have lost no territory we would regain. We do not wish to extend our borders. Great nations east and west know this. They have the proof of it in that we sought no material returns for our victory in the World War, in our withdrawal of our Marines from Haiti and San Domingo, in our refusal of every temptation to extend our domain at the expense of weaker neighbors on our hemisphere. Discarding the factor of altruism, we already have enough land.

But it is said that if we have a strong navy we shall want to use it in war. Keeping out of war is not related to the size of a navy but to public sanity. The British

had the most powerful of navies for more than a hundred years, from Trafalgar to the World War, without ever having it engaged in a major battle. It kept the peace on the sea for the British.

Do you think the sailors who have wives and homes on the Pacific Coast want war? No, neither they nor their officers. They know too well the power of modern weapons and that war has lost its old adventure. If war comes they will fight with grim determination. They prefer a navy which will assure that Americans will not be killed or maimed if other nations suddenly go mad.

And this spring the men of the battle fleet who have wives on the Atlantic Coast will have their turn. The fleet will steam east with stern toward fermenting Asia and bow toward fermenting Europe, for the good reason that we face two seas, and the Atlantic Coast should occasionally see our Navy. The slack public interest in the Navy becomes so vague at the mention of the Naval Reserve that you might wonder how it ever got any recruits. You have the answer immediately you fall in with any group of reservists. They make enlistment for four years appear a glad, exclusive and clubby privilege. They have forty-eight drills a year, though they now receive pay for only twenty-four. They spend their summer vacations in holiday spirit at seaman's work on board ship where there is so much to learn in so short a time.

## They'll Bet You're Honest

(Continued from page 4)

from time to time, for years and years.

Another thing we have had to face is the big upturn in defalcations by women employees. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the women defaulters have nearly all been women conspicuously *lacking in beauty and charm!* One woman, in a bank in a western city, who stole nearly eight hundred thousand dollars, weighed nearly two-hundred pounds, and was a "hard-looking sister." Her case was fairly typical. Lacking feminine charm, she was unable to gain economic security by enslaving some man of greater earning power than her own. In a period of extravagance, she sought to gain money by what she believed to be the next easiest way, that is, by stealing.

But, I repeat, despite this great increase in various forms of theft and embezzlement, bonding companies find honesty bears the same relation it always has to cause and effect. Having had the original temptation of poor example from his employer, an employee is further encouraged to be dishonest if he finds that, because of lax supervision,

he can probably steal without being caught.

Surety companies find they can predict a man's probable honesty fairly well even with only a few items of information about him. One thing they wish to know is whether his salary is large enough to enable a man with a family to live decently. If he is underpaid, but nevertheless is entrusted with custodianship of large sums, and is permitted to make out checks for his employer according to his own judgment, his temptation is great. Every day of his life, a still, small voice is saying to him: "You do need more money, and you *could* get away with it!"

A while ago, a certain man ran an advertisement in the want columns of a New York newspaper, offering to pay a high rate of interest to anybody who would lend him money secured by a third mortgage on his home. Now, anybody knows that, since even a second mortgage is poor security and such loans are hard to obtain, a man trying to borrow money on a third mortgage must be in desperate need, grasping at straws. That being true, he might be an

easy target for a dishonest scheme. A professional crook who saw this man's advertisement went to him and induced him to help rob his employer by padding pay-rolls and juggling bank accounts. The employer might have protected himself by knowing more about the personal financial problems of an employee who had so much responsibility. Knowing the facts, he might then have tried to relieve the man's distress. At any rate, he could have placed about him safeguards to make it difficult for him to act dishonestly.

It is not to be understood that every man who finds himself in need of money and has opportunity to steal, is going to do so. The point is that *probability is greater* in such circumstances. One can't tell that a certain man will steal in a given situation, but one *can* estimate, from previous experience, about how many men out of a thousand would steal in a similar situation. In this sense, dishonesty is definitely predictable.

The notion that lack of moral character is hereditary has now been largely dropped even by professional psychologists. Surety



companies pay no heed whatever to any such theory. Far more important would be information regarding a man's childhood environment and training, how much his mother was on the job of guiding him, and the kind of early associates he had. But because of difficulties of gathering such information, surety companies seldom go back in a man's career more than ten years. If a surety company were permitted to ask an applicant for a bond only one question, that question would undoubtedly be to give a list of all previous places of employment. When a man of mature age has his last ten years well accounted for, with no effort to hide any facts, and no blot on his record, he may be looked upon as reasonably dependable. Certain other questions, however, which might look trivial, are also of great importance in determining his future honesty. One of these is the number and relationship of the persons he supports.

The unmarried man, while theoretically requiring less money, is in practice a greater risk than a man with family ties. A family man does not wish to do anything to bring disgrace upon his wife or children. On the other hand, if a man has more children than one of his earning power could well be expected to support, then he is immediately susceptible to greater temptation.

Among other questions, a surety company is likely to ask: What salary will the applicant receive? How much cash, if any, will he have in his custody at any one time? Will he be authorized to sign checks? To whom, and how frequently, will he account for his handling of stocks, securities or cash? What means will be used to tell if his accounts are correct? How often will they be examined? What will be the title of the applicant's position?

That last question might seem foolish and unnecessary. The truth is that many companies attempt to satisfy underpaid employes by giving a pretentious title rather than more money. Many a man has started to live beyond his means because his wife knows he is called the general auditor instead of merely head book-keeper.

In the last few years, surety companies have learned that extravagance in a wife is a far more frequent cause of dishonesty than is a man's desire to impress himself favorably on a woman not his wife.

Certain nationalities are better honesty risks than others. An unnaturalized foreigner might be a poorer risk than a man native born, because a person far from home and little known has less incentive to guard his reputation. All else being equal, an Englishman is ordinarily a better risk than almost any other nationality, because he is brought up to know that if he does steal he will probably be caught. His island is too small for him to go far from home unless to foreign shores. Moreover, he has been brought up under laws more strict and where justice works more swiftly than it does here. He has come to believe that dishonesty is scarcely worth the risk. Likewise, a person in a small town is less likely

to steal than one similarly employed in a large city. To begin with, the small town offers fewer temptations, fewer occasions for extravagance, and also less opportunity to remain in obscurity if found out. Almost anyone in a small town is so well known that, if caught stealing, every person he passes on the street adds to his humiliation. In a big city, even his next-door neighbor might not know it.

Honesty varies almost directly according to educational standards of a community. A surety company can look over its ratio of losses in almost any State and make a fair estimate of the educational standards prevailing there. Well-educated people know that dishonesty is in the long run unprofitable.

Generally speaking, a young man, no matter how good his personality, is not as good a risk as an older man. He has not been employed long enough to have a proved reputation back of him. If on the same job only two or three years, that may have been just long enough for him to have won everybody's confidence and thus make dishonesty comparatively easy. In the last two or three exceptional years, however, most of the more serious defalcations were by older men who had lost money in stocks. Evidently they feared they were too old to gain a new start in life by honest effort.

In the long run, it is safer to count on a woman's honesty in money matters than a man's—not because a woman is fundamentally more honest but because she has less temptation to steal. With a man, his dishonesty is usually because he wants more money to meet the demands of his wife or some other woman. This, however, rarely works the other way around. Women may steal because of their love of finery, but seldom will they do it to provide comforts for a man.

In connection with this whole problem of dishonesty, surety companies are able to count on another strange phase of human nature: Two men out of three, when asked to give a list of business men, for reference purposes, will not hesitate to write down names of persons who could hardly say anything good about the applicant. It seems surprising that a man would use for reference anyone who might make an adverse report; but, because of the man's vanity, it never occurs to him that anything said about him could be other than favorable. Moreover, each man doubts if all the references he gives will be consulted, anyhow. He counts, too, on the fact that no one likes to speak ill of another and may touch lightly on shortcomings. It is always safe to predict that the average man's opinion of himself is better than that of at least one of the people whom he gives for reference.

From all that bonding companies have learned about human honesty, they believe the surest way to keep an employee in an honorable course is to pay him every penny he is worth—or even a trifle more—and then have a good example always before him. This good example may properly be set by the Big Boss himself.

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# The Bull Pine Fell

(Continued from page 17)

"Yes, sir."

Another silence. Men didn't make deals or propositions without due thought in the woods.

"Like to take a crew and go in there next winter and get me out a million feet, son? Pay you regular wages as foreman, plus a bonus for time, and a royalty of thirty percent on the cut when it's sold for your share. I'll mill it and ship and take care of the selling."

Highjohnny's head whirled. This was much better than he had hoped. There wouldn't be any trouble in holding that lease now. He had felt he had bitten off a big chunk when he got that last ten thousand tied up. By gar, it was grand.

He thanked Old Man Drake awkwardly but with immense sincerity. The lumberman waved away the thanks. "Good business for me, son," he said. "Besides, I'm gettin' on. Got lots of business an' need someone to start learnin' how to take care of it so's I can git me some restin' done."

FOURTH OF JULY started out clear, warm and with a zestful tang in the air when the cook's first hammering on the big saw woke the camp. Highjohnny was out of his bunk and down to the lake in one continuous action. Others were close behind. Blue shirts flew off and the white bodies of northern men shimmered in the rising sun as splash after splash told of another athlete hitting the lake.

Breakfast then, and after that the contests. The cussing contest, with the ladies barred, as spectators, was won by the red-headed mule skinner from the mill camp. His line of cussing with a rhyme every so often beat out the Camp Six final entrant who had only six new Canuck words he had picked up around Priest River and two or three fine phrases in Mexican he had learned in Marin County.

The tobacco spitting contest also went to the mill camp when a Swede made a new mark with a burst of twelve feet from a standing start. Everybody was now warmed up for the more serious business of the day.

At this juncture, Old Man Drake called two or three of the leaders of each side apart. The old boy was embarrassed, the men sensed.

"Boys," he started, then hrrumphed some. "Well, it's this way," he finally struck his stride, "Barbara brought up a young fellow—a friend of hers, who is one of these here now ath-let-ic heroes. He wants to enter the contests just on his own. Doesn't represent anybody. See?"

He looked pleading, almost, at the men who shuffled and looked at the ground then out of the corner of their eyes at Highjohnny. He knew that gossip had already flown around the camp about this fellow and how he had cut out the high rigger.

Highjohnny swallowed rather painfully.

"Sure, that's all right, Mr. Drake," Highjohnny said. "Isn't it, boys?" he asked.

"Sure, sure. You bet. Sure. 'At's all right."

Much relieved they turned away, while Old Man Drake gazed speculatively after Highjohnny. In a few minutes he brought the young fellow up, a chap just about Highjohnny's age or perhaps a year or two older. Introductions followed and immediately Highjohnny could see the men had started to take to this Marty Frane. He had to admit he liked him some himself. Seemed like a regular fellow and not one of these snobbish city guys.

Big Sorenson won the weight lifting. Highjohnny took second, making a clean sweep of that event for Camp Six. Big Sorenson got the donkey engine eight inches off the ground, while Highjohnny got daylight beneath it. The mill camp's best man couldn't quite get daylight under it although he had muscled the anvil over his head.

Highjohnny won the log-running race by a handy margin, and hardly was breathing hard when he reached the far boom. He looked back to the knot of color on the shore where the girls were. He had avoided Barbara so far, and stayed among the men whenever she approached. He didn't want to see her and make that funny dull feeling inside of him any worse.

Log rolling was Highjohnny's without more than a good contest. Scaling a sky-tipped pine and topping it out, he won by a small lead with the "nice feller" from the city his nearest rival.

When they were on the ground again the fellow came over with a good-natured grin on his face, and outstretched hand. Highjohnny shook hands dubiously. Must be a catch in it.

"You are plenty good, Blake," Marty said enthusiastically. "Bet you could show up any man on the Coast."

Highjohnny grinned self-consciously and didn't know what to say. If that was the way they did at colleges, he guessed he could do as well.

IN THE foot race with caulked boots, a spry pond man from the mill camp nosed Highjohnny out at the finish. Highjohnny stuck out his hand and congratulated the man. The other laughed uproariously and grabbed the hand. He yanked and Highjohnny was spilled to the ground to the immense amusement of everybody. The high rigger gritted his teeth, while his face flamed.

In the high jumping, Marty got an easy first with Highjohnny second and Jean Baptiste, despite his imbibing, third. This was very mortifying to Highjohnny, who had won that event for three years. Still it didn't count on the score between camps.

He was turning away from the pit, when Marty caught his arm.

"Great stuff, old timer," he cried pleasantly. "With the proper equipment, you could show up most of the amateurs in the West."

Highjohnny shook hands, but his eyes were cold. What was that, an insult, this amateur's stuff? He resented this Marty mightily. He laughed when he won and laughed when he lost. What kind of a fool was he?

Event after event was run off. The girls began to tire of watching, but lumberjacks and loggers who worked ten hours a day normally—and from first break of dawn until last smidgin of sunset when a rush was on—found it almost restful.

Finally, with Camp Six in the lead, Highjohnny did a beautiful piece of axe work in the tree felling. He hit three stakes placed thirty feet apart and drove all three in the ground when his tree came down.

THERE were other contestants. Marty swung a double-bit with almost as much skill as Highjohnny. To himself, he grudgingly admitted that the Californian with a little practice, or during the days he had learned to use an axe before he became a city guy, was probably better than he.

The last contestant was at his tree. Highjohnny shinned up a neighboring pine and sat on a big branch thirty feet above ground to watch the last felling. He noticed with dismay Barbara and Marty stood too close to the path of the tree, laughing and chatting as they cast glances up.

The man at the axe was not cutting as cleanly as a good woodsman ought to. Then he recognized the axeman as one of the drinkers of the night-before party in the woods. He hoped the fool wasn't still drunk. If that razor keen, double-bit was to be handled carelessly, the man might hurt himself badly or an accident might happen which would hurt some one in the crowd around him.

There was a warning crack like a pistol shot. The crowd moved back. The axeman quickly glanced at the stakes, then at the tree, gauging its fall. Highjohnny saw him shake his head. The fellow *was* drunk yet.

The whole giant shivered the length of its hundred and fifty foot trunk.

"Timber!" a hundred voices shouted.

"Timber! Look out! Barbara!" a horrified medley of yells suddenly sounded.

Highjohnny looked down and his heart went still for a beat. Barbara was gazing fascinated at the tottering tree. The axeman was swinging his shining double-bit up for the last blow.

"Barb—jump!" Highjohnny yelled, his voice breaking.

She seemed paralyzed, her face up, eyes wide with fright. Marty had jumped clear.



She would be crushed as that badly cut tree swung out of its supposed course right on her.

Highjohnny set his teeth and looked up at the tree now starting slowly to swing off its base. He was on his feet, holding to a branch higher. He estimated the distance to the nearest large limb of the tottering tree.

It was insanity to think he could deflect that giant, but doing something, anything, was better than standing there and seeing Barbara crushed.

The top was swinging out slowly and away from him toward the girl. As soon as the tree was fifteen degrees away from perpendicular it would start falling faster and faster and nothing could change its course. Highjohnny jumped.

His body hurtled through the air. He caught, slipped, then clutched again. A big lower branch was under his arms and pressed to his chest. He was near the end of the branch. His weight should make a good pull on the trunk with leverage of the branch. Highjohnny swung downward sickeningly as with a whishing roar the giant plunged to the earth.

Things went black for Highjohnny. The ground rose up and pounded his back. The tree bounced, then settled, Highjohnny crumpled and still beneath it.

IT SEEMED years later, or maybe he was just being born—no, he remembered now. He was hurt. They rolled the tree on him to get Barb free. Must be dead. No—there were voices. Old Man Drake's voice. Couldn't be in heaven or he wouldn't be hearing Old Man Drake. Highjohnny grinned at this thought. Then. . .

"Look, look! His face moved. He's coming to." It was Barbara. Maybe it was heaven then and they both were dead.

Dubiously he forced open tired eyelids which didn't want to open. It was all white. Then his eyes started to function normally and telegraph things to his brain.

There was Old Man Drake at the foot of his bed. Yes, he was in a white bed, white sheets and all. Couldn't be the bunk house. And—hell's fire—there was Marty. Marty on crutches and grinning down at him. Oh, well, he knew what to do. He'd reach out his hand and tell him that he was mighty good for an amateur. He'd won the girl—guess that was pretty good for any amateur.

"Johnny—can't you talk?" someone whispered in his ear.

He closed his eyes and tried to shake his head to clear it. Only one person called him that without the prefix High. Couldn't get away from her now, even if he wanted to. His eyes opened.

"Were you hurt?" he asked in a whisper when he tried to speak loudly.

"Not a bit—just knocked down. But they didn't see you, Johnny. Until they got me out, no one knew you were underneath." A sob caught in her throat.

"Marty, here, saw her go crazy, son," Old Man Drake broke in. "He jumped

back and pushed her but you had pulled the tree over so he pushed the wrong way without knowing it. Lucky, but she got off scot free while Marty got a busted leg out of it."

Highjohnny groaned to himself and closed his eyes. Even now Marty was the winner, the hero. All he, Highjohnny, had done was the wrong thing.

There was a shuffle of feet moving off. A clump, clump sounded coming closer. A strong hand closed over his and squeezed his fingers gently.

"If I had to lose her, I'm glad a hundred percent man gets her, old fellow," Marty's voice sounded. "So long, and good luck to both of you."

What fool stuff was this? Highjohnny opened his eyes and smiled grimly up at Marty. There was no smile on the city guy's face now, but his eyes, while hurt, were very sincere. Highjohnny tried to speak, tried to tell him he was guessing wrong, but no words came. So he squeezed back and tried to tell Marty with his eyes that he thought he was pretty much all man, too.

Then they were alone. "Where am I?" he whispered.

"At Sanford, Johnny. We brought you down in the launch while you were unconscious. All your bones, nearly, are broken."

There was a long silence.

"What'd Marty mean?" he asked.

He couldn't see her. She was silent. He couldn't move his head very well. Some sort of a cast held him all over.

"Come to where I can see you," he commanded.

Her face suddenly appeared in his line of vision. She had been crying. But her eyes told worlds—even to a lumberjack. Highjohnny smiled a little.

"You wouldn't see me—wouldn't let me explain anything," she told him disjointedly. "Marty worked his way through school in the woods. He was an orphan. You had always won and never lost. I wanted you to see how a man lost—not lose me, I mean—I wanted you—in the games, oh, Johnny! Won't you say something—won't you ask me something?"

"Anything," he smiled back.

"I was afraid, Johnny," she said. "You always won—you've got to lose some time. I was afraid for us, afraid when you did lose, everything would go to pieces between us. A man has to know how to lose as well as how to win. But—"

His eyes asked her to go on.

"You're all grown now," she rushed on. "It isn't like when I used to teach you algebra summer nights. I shouldn't try to teach people things they know instinctively. I'm all wrong. Please, Johnny!"

She was crying again. With a great effort, he slowly forced his hand up to her hair. He had dreamed for years of touching those shining curls. He weakly caught a lock and pulled her face to his.

"Lucky—that—bull—pine—fell," he gasped out happily.

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## So I Says to Black Jack—

(Continued from page 21)

getting music and culture in your veins, and my old man has a cornet at home that has had a couple of them dooflicker key-caps missing for years, so I figure that if I go to *l'opéra*, as they call it, and get all refined and genteel, maybe I will be able to fix said cornet and give the old man such a shock he may break out some of his pre-war, in case the old pirate hasn't used it all up before I get back, which is a idea that is just another form of kidding yourself along.

"So I buy me a ticket, and there I am sitting almost next to Black Jack, only ten or fifteen rows back and a couple of galleries up, but I observe him very carefully and unobtrusively, as they say.

"A whole bunch is out there singing words and music in alien languages, until finally an especial fat dame dressed up in a tin suit comes barging through and sings so very loud that she scares the rest of them off the stage completely. But even this does not satisfy her, for she stays right there, and I can tell by the faces and noises she is making that there is something serious the trouble with her.

"I think it will never get through, but after a while—a couple hours, like—she pulls out a little paper dagger, and hits herself a tap with it that wouldn't knock a mouse off a piece of cheese, and goes down slump on the floor, and I am afraid they are going to have to operate on her then and there, but immediately everybody is up on their feet cheering and singing, so I realize that after all it is only a song-and-dance act like you used to see in the old Gaiety.

"But I notice Pershing is applauding particular vigorous, and he keeps shouting, 'Encore! Encore! Encore!' like it was the only word of the Lingo Frances of which he is acquainted, which does not surprise me, because I have ran across mademoiselles hither and there which the only thing they know of their own language appears to be 'Mais, non!'

"So the stout lady gets up and goes through it all again, and when it is over at last the C-in-C. is up in the air again clapping his hands and yelling, 'Encore! Encore!'

"And I am very much ashamed of the episode for two things. One is that a fellow like the General, which has been to high school and everywhere, does not know any more of the Frances Lingo than one word, and the second that he wants to see a lady go on suffering like that hour after hour. And I feel especial tender on that point, because I have recently been caught in a saluting trap and have spent a half day down at the Rue Ste. Annie highballing nobody particular, but with M.P.'s all over the place to see that I did."

From varying sources I have heard various speculations as to exactly what happened on that Luxembourg gallery while our Army of Occupation was filtering through that infinitesimal grand duchy

on its way to Germany. Those who were present at the official occasion will remember our commander standing on the balcony beside the Grand Duchess Marie-Adelaide while the Luxembourg Army, brilliant in regalia but small in numbers, paraded in review. At one point during the ceremonies—

But let my inside informant, lately Military Police Sergeant Vince Grant, tell the tale:

"I used to be a plain clothes man in Dallas, Texas, so I guess I am sort of psychic or something. Anyway, there are lots of times I can tell what people are getting ready to say, whereas ordinary guys like you would not have the faintest idea, and by concentrating my mentalities I can stop them from saying it or can get them to keep on saying it, whichever seems best at the time.

"Anyway, they picked me to stand on the platform behind Black Jack, just to see that no comical guy started to do anything funny. No matter what country you go to, you will always find some egg who thinks he is the life of the party and up to cute tricks. But this time everything went well.

"The General was having a very animated conversation with the Grand Duchess, for which I don't blame him at all, for she was a very fine looking girl, for a foreigner of course, but they hadn't provided any hostesses for us birds who were escorting him, and I was beginning to feel like a cannibal at a vegetable dinner. Then the Luxembourg army hove in sight and passed under us and we all highballed as the flag passed, but I could see the General's face starting to work. And like a flash it came over me what he was going to say.

"'I've got to keep him from it,' I told myself, and put my mentality to work on the General. 'Don't say it, Black Jack!' I told him with my brain. 'Don't say it! International complications! International complications! Don't say it!' And then his face started to ease up, so I knew I'd got my message across, and in a jiffy the parade was over, and I'd saved the day. But those were a tough two minutes."

Mr. Grant wiped his forehead at the very recollection and appeared to think that the story was finished.

"But what," I asked, "was it you kept the General from saying?"

"Why, I thought anybody could guess that," Mr. Grant returned in surprise. "I knew the sight of a trim, clean little body of men like that had set his mind wandering off to his younger days, and it was all I could do to keep him from yelling out: 'Squad left—harrumpf!'"

Most famous of all Pershing stories is the one according to which, after the Armistice, the commander-in-chief, accompanied by his entourage, came to pay



an official visit upon a certain organization then holding forth in Paris. A member of this organization, which shall be nameless, was a certain cartoonist, whom, for convenience's sake, we shall call Private Muggins.

The General was late in arrival that day, due to stress of business, and Private Muggins, who had gained some local fame along lines other than his skill in artistry with pen and ink, had not been slow in utilizing his golden moments along the various rues and boulevards within the radius of a half dozen blocks. By the time the General arrived, Muggins had enveloped himself in a glow of the distilled milk of human kindness with malice toward none, and with charity for all.

Muggins beamed tolerantly while General Pershing was being presented to other members of the tribe (or is it, under the military Emily Post rules, the other members who are presented to the ranking officer?) and fairly glittered with geniality and hospitality when it came his turn. The presiding elder—I mean officer—introduced them.

"And this, General Pershing, is our artist, Private Muggins."

Boomed the commander in chief of the A. E. F.:

"I have heard of you before, Private Muggins."

To which Muggins, wreathed in smiles, replied:

"And your name is not altogether unknown to me, Gen."

"Gen.," forsooth!

AS I said, it has never been my lot to pull the snappy comeback on Black Jack, and, indeed, on hardly anybody else. I had an army job once that took me through Chaumont a couple of times a month, but when we began to come near the railroad station I'd always don my long green beard and smoked glasses, chew fiercely at a dead cigarette, insist that no window be opened, and otherwise comport myself as a distinguished French senator. I always got through safely, but with no accession of glory to my reputation.

I did have a dog named Rags, the only three-service-striped Franco-American poodle who ever tried to bite Black Jack on the shin—

But the story of Rags would take up a book in itself.

## Like Father, Like Son

(Continued from page 35)

Navy, during the World War. The new organization requires that all its members shall also be members of The American Legion.

National Headquarters has listed forty-four posts of the Legion composed entirely of women. They are located mostly in the larger cities and the majority of them include not only women who served as nurses but also those who served as yeomen (f) of the Navy. The women who served as yeomen also have a countrywide organization known as National Yeomen (F). It held at Chicago a reunion which was attended by many hundreds.

The National Organization of American Legion Nurses elected as its National Commander at Chicago Mrs. Margaret C. Ackerman, a member of Lakewood (Ohio) Post. Before her marriage shortly after the war, Mrs. Ackerman was Margaret Cluney. Born and educated in Paterson, New Jersey, she was graduated from Brooklyn General Hospital in the class of 1916.

Early in the war she served with the base hospitals at Fort Bliss and Fort Sam Houston in Texas. In the A. E. F. she served six months at the front with Mobile Hospital No. 39, the Yale University Unit.

Mrs. Ackerman hopes to bring into her organization and into the Legion many former nurses who have married since the war as well as those who are still on duty in hospitals or engaged in private practice. Nine of the existing women's posts of the Legion bear the name of Jane A. Delano, the founder of the Army Nurse Corps and

its directing genius during the World War. They are located in Hartford, Connecticut; Stockton, California; Washington, D. C.; Chicago, Illinois; Rochester, Minnesota; New York City; Buffalo, New York; Cincinnati, Ohio; Newark, New Jersey. Other posts which National Headquarters records as composed entirely of women are:

California: Hollywood Women's, Hollywood; Elizabeth Lee, San Francisco; Fresno Women's, Fresno; Long Beach Women's, Long Beach; East Bay Women's, Oakland; San Diego Women's, San Diego; Capital City, Sacramento; Yeomanette, Los Angeles. Connecticut: Mary C. Gormley, Waterbury; Cecilia A. Sweeney, New London. District of Columbia: U. S. S. Jacob Jones and Belleau Wood Posts, Washington.

Illinois: Sig-Yeo, and Mars-sur-Allier, both from Chicago. Maryland: Nurses, Baltimore. Massachusetts: Bessie P. Edwards, Boston; Massachusetts All Nurses, Boston. Missouri: Missouri Women's, Webster Groves. New York: Barbara Frietchie, New York City; Nurses, Dolly Madison, and First Women's, Brooklyn; Florence Nightingale, Rochester.

In Pennsylvania: Yeomen (F), Philadelphia; Helen Fairchild, Philadelphia; Kathryn May Joyce, Pittsburgh; Edith Cavell Nurses, Harrisburg. Rhode Island: Rhode Island Women's, Providence. Utah: Edith Cavell, Salt Lake City. Virginia: Women's, Norfolk; Cornelia Thornton, Norfolk. Washington: Yeomen (F), Seattle. Ohio: Florence Nightingale, Toledo. Michigan: (Continued on page 62)

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29x4.75-20		2.50	.95	32x4 1/2	2.95	.85	
29x5.00-19		2.85	1.05	34x4	3.25	.85	
30x5.00-20		2.85	1.05	32x4 1/2	3.35	1.15	
29x5.25-18		2.95	1.15	32x4 1/2	3.45	1.15	
29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15	34x4 1/2	3.45	1.15	
30x5.25-20		2.95	1.15	30x6	3.65	1.35	
31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15	32x5	3.75	1.45	
28x5.50-18		3.35	1.15	36x5	3.95	1.55	
29x5.60-19		3.35	1.15				
30x6.00-18		3.40	1.15				
31x6.00-19		3.40	1.15				
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## Like Father, Like Son

(Continued from page 61)

Ragan Lide, Detroit. Minnesota: Lydia Whiteside, Minneapolis. Texas: Worth, Fort Worth.

### Veterans' Preference on Jobs

DEPARTMENTS and posts of The American Legion have been encountering many snags in their efforts to obtain for service men the preference in employment on PWA, CWA and similar projects to which they are entitled under the National Industrial Recovery Act. The law states that: "In the employment of labor in connection with any such project, preference shall be given, where they are qualified, to ex-service men with dependents."

In many parts of the country Legion officials have found government employment officers and contractors seemingly inclined to evade the plain provision of veterans' preference. A ruling by the United States Attorney General has served to restrict the veterans' preference provision.

W. Frank Persons, director of the Employment Service of the United States Department of Labor, addressed the conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants at Indianapolis in November in an effort to make clear the policies which are being followed nationally in carrying out the principle of veterans' preference. Under Mr. Persons' direction, unemployed men are being assigned to the various PWA and CWA work projects through 3000 employment offices of the National Re-employment Service and the state employment offices where there are such.

Since new projects are expected to be approved throughout the winter, Departments and posts are advising needy service men with dependents to register at these employment offices if they have not already done so. At least one employment office exists in each county of the United States under the federal system.

The National Re-employment Service states that in assigning registrants to jobs physical condition and general capabilities must be considered. The law gives first preference to veterans "where they are qualified," and many of the difficulties which have arisen are founded on interpretations of the word "qualified." It is obvious, of course, that where an employment office is called upon to provide twenty carpenters for a job, it can give preference only to the service men on its lists who are qualified as carpenters. In some instances complaints have been made that officials in charge of PWA projects have specified requirements which most service men could not meet.

Attorney General Homer Cummings has ruled that preference for ex-service men does not apply on projects on which contractors are obligated to use union labor.

In his opinion, rendered on October 25th, Mr. Cummings said:

"Congress did not intend that the non-union ex-service man with dependents should have an absolute preference in the case where there is a union contractor who employs union men and deals with them through the principle of collective bargaining. Such a man is not 'qualified' in the broad sense of that particular work. . . . A union contractor must, of course, give the preference among union men to those union men who are ex-service men with dependents. He is not required, however, to employ an ex-service man with dependents who is not a member of the union, in preference to union men who are not ex-service men with dependents."

### Our Memorials in Europe

LEGIONNAIRE John J. Pershing, in his capacity as Chairman of the Battle Monuments Commission, contributes a thirty-six page article on "Our National War Memorials in Europe" to the January issue of the National Geographic Magazine. The article is illustrated with thirty-five photographs, eleven of them in color, and the combination of graphic pictorial presentation and informative text makes the article an admirable survey of those fields of France, Belgium and England which shall be forever America, and of what the United States Government has accomplished in clothing them in dignity and beauty.

General Pershing has always regarded his duties as Chairman of the Battle Monuments Commission as the most sacred undertaking of his peacetime years, and has devoted himself loyally and ceaselessly to the prosecution of the task assigned him. The National Geographic article makes plain in striking and effective fashion how these qualities have borne fruit. The article and the illustrations must be of inspiring interest to every Legionnaire.

Nearly thirty-one thousand A. E. F. dead—the exact figures are 30,880, according to General Pershing—rest in our cemeteries overseas.

### For Children

THE new problems which several years of depression have brought to the National Child Welfare Committee of The American Legion, along with all other agencies extending relief to children, will give unusual importance to the series of area conferences which will be held in 1934 under the auspices of the national committee. Miss Emma C. Puschner, director of the Legion's National Child Welfare Division, announces that the conferences will be held as follows: February 2-3, Area D, St. Louis, Missouri; February 9-10, Area B, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; February 16-17, Area C, Ponca City, Oklahoma; March (date to be selected later),



Area E, Los Angeles, California; April 6-7, Area A, Portland, Maine.

## Roll Call

FREDERICK PALMER, author of "How About the Navy?" and Marquis James, who wrote "NRA and Codes and Such," are members of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr., belongs to Lake Bluff (Illinois) Post . . . Tip Bliss is a Legionnaire of Harvey W. Seeds Post of Miami, Florida . . . John J. Noll is a member of Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas . . . Abian

A. Wallgren is on the rolls of Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania . . . Thomas J. Malone belongs to Theodor Petersen Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Jes W. Schlaikjer, who made the cover painting for this issue, was an early member of Winner (South Dakota) Post . . . Remington Schuyler, who illustrated the story "The Bull Pine Fell," is a member of Westport (Connecticut) Post . . . A. B. Butler, Jr., who made the drawings for the article "So I Says to Black Jack" is a Legionnaire of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

PHILIP VON BLON

## Make Way for the Hell Fire Boys

(Continued from page 38)

"Needless to say the boy was christened 'Sammy.' His history and ticket were put through channels to medical headquarters as a fully-registered patient of Camp Hospital No. 1, U. S. Army, listed as 'Private recruit.'

"There was no come-back through channels of this rather unusual case and I have often wondered what happened to the record and to Sammy who should now be a husky young French lad of fifteen summers."

REUNIONS! Ask any old vet who has been lucky enough to meet with his old gang and after listening to him, make plans to attend your next outfit reunion or, if no reunion is announced, suggest one yourself. The Company Clerk will be glad to publish an announcement if the information is received at least six weeks prior to the month in which the meeting is to be held.

First, let us look at the list of outfits which will meet in Miami, Florida, October 22d to 25th, in conjunction with the Legion National Convention. Details of the reunion plans may be obtained by writing to the men and women whose names and addresses are shown.

4TH DIV.—National reunion. Write for Verdun Medal application and copy of *Tiny Leaves*, Carlton E. Dunn, natl. pres., 8514-1600th st., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

4TH DIV. ASSOC. OF FLORIDA—National Convention Committee now being formed to assure success of 4th Div. national reunion in Miami during Legion convention. William C. Brooker, Citizens Bank bldg., Tampa, Fla.

53N INF., Co. L, 6TH DIV.—Proposed company reunion. Cecil H. Pillans, ex-1st sgt., Haines City, Fla.

4TH ENGRS.—Patrick J. Ganley, comdr., Ft. Dearborn Post, A. L., 6312 Greenwood av., Chicago, Illinois.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—14th annual reunion. Frank L. Frazin, secy.-treas., 1825 S. Hamlin av., Chicago, Ill.

28TH ENGRS. A. E. F. VETS.—Organized in Chicago, 2d annual reunion in Miami. Erick O. Meling, pres., 2048 N. Spaulding av., Chicago; Frank T. Cushnik, secy.-treas., 12206 Lowe av., Chicago, Ill.

M. T. C. VERNEUIL VETS.—Veterans of Units 301-2-3, M. T. C., located at Nevers and Verneuil, France. Hilmer Gellein, pres., P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich., Verne M. Corson, reunion officer, 1161 W. Flagler st., Miami, Fla.

106TH SUP. TRN., Co. A—2d annual reunion in Miami. M. F. Avery, 19 N. W. 3d st., Miami, Fla., or W. M. Applegate, 6033 Champlain av., Chicago.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 15 ASSOC.—Organized in Chicago. Rev. John Dunphy, pres., Portage, Pa. Write to Mrs. Mary F. Puttrel, secy., 76 West st., Milford, Mass.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Wilford L. Jessup, natl. comdg. officer, Bremerton,

Wash.; Craig S. Herbert, personnel officer, 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF AMERICAN LEGION NURSES—Officially recognized by the Legion national convention in Chicago. Annual meeting and reunion in Miami. Miss Margaret Mullen, secy., 100 Maple av., Haverstraw, N. Y.

AMERICAN R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—2500 attended Chicago reunion. Clyde D. Burton, comdr., 4827 Lake Park av., Chicago; Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1132 Bryn Maur st., Scranton, Pa.

Announcements of additional reunions and activities follow:

4TH DIV. ASSOC. OF NEW YORK—Semi-annual reunion in May. Gustav H. Lamm, 1541 Hone av., Bronx, N. Y.

SOCIETY OF 5TH DIV.—Annual reunion at Boston, Mass., Sept. 1-3 (Labor Day week-end.) David T. Porter, 25 First st., Fair Lawn, N. J.

27TH DIV.—Between the Big Parades—a story by, of and for 27th Div. veterans. Cloth, 284 pages. Frederick M. Waterbury, 70 E. 45th st., New York City.

28TH DIV.—Hq., Society of the 28th Div. has been removed from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, Pa. Col. John H. Shenkel, pres., Wm. G. Blough, secy.-treas., P. O. Box 111, Homewood Sta., Pittsburgh.

32N DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—1934 convention will be held in Detroit, Mich., dates to be announced later. Byron Beveridge, 1148 Florence court, Madison, Wis.

35TH DIV.—Pictorial History of the 35th Division in the World War is now ready. 72 pages and cover, 9x12, 250 photographs. Write R. L. Carter, 1218 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

42N (RAINBOW) DIV.—Men of the Rainbow, a story by, of and for Rainbow Division veterans. Two dollars. Leslie Langille, Room 614, 360 N. Michigan av., Chicago, Ill.

80TH DIV.—E. G. Peyton, newly-elected National Commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association, is calling upon all former 80th Division men to send their names, addresses and organization numbers to the Headquarters, 412 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

104TH INF. VETS. ASSOC., A. E. F.—15th annual reunion, Marlboro, Mass., Apr. 27-28. L. A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

113TH INF. ASSOC.—To complete roster, send names and addresses to Walter G. Scherrer, adjt., Room 208, City Hall, Newark, N. J.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion for 1934 to be held in Norfolk, Nebr., dates to be announced later. Fred Hansen, pres., Norfolk; Albert P. Schwarz, permanent recording secy., 816 Security Mutual, Lincoln, Nebr.

3d INF., Co. K—Proposed reunion during 1934 of ex-members of the Hungry 49. James B. Mason, 807 South Delaware st., Springfield, Mo.

58TH INF., Cos. A and B—All survivors of H. M. S. *Moldavia*, sunk while entering English Channel, May 23, 1918, report to Glenn Blekeley, 703 Giles st., Stoughton, Wis., for roster and proposed get-together.

325TH INF., Co. L—Reunion, Oct. 27. Members may obtain 1933 *Reunion News* from A. W. Silliman, Ardley, N. Y.

52D PIONEER INF.—At 14th annual reunion of Co. I, last Nov., it was decided to include all former members of regiment in future reunions. All veterans of 52d Pioneer Inf. are requested to send names and addresses to N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York, N. Y.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Springfield, Mass., Sept. 1-3 (Labor Day week-end.) R. C. Dickieson, secy.-treas., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

322N F. A. Assoc.—Permanent headquarters established at Hamilton, Ohio. All veterans requested to report; also families of ex-members who have died so that annual memorial services may be properly conducted. Reunion in Dayton, Ohio—dates to be announced. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio.

(Continued on page 64)

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# Make Way for the Hell Fire Boys

(Continued from page 63)

34TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, basket picnic, Tri-  
angle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 2. Hq. at Gibbons  
Hotel, George Rempie, 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.  
107TH ENGRS. Assoc.—16th annual reunion, Mil-  
waukee, Wis., Nov. 10. Joe A. Hrdlick, secy., 2209 W.  
41st st., Milwaukee.

316TH F. S. BN.—Copy of roster of the bn. will be  
mailed to all former members who write to R. Howry,  
asst. secy., 41 First st., San Francisco, Calif.

9TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT BTRY., C. A. C.—Former mem-  
bers interested in reunion, write to W. F. Launer, 356  
McKinley av., Kenmore, N. Y.

50TH AERO SQDN.—Third edition of Roll Call soon  
to be published. Former members are requested to  
write to J. Howard Hill, secy., Hotel Portage, Akron,  
Ohio. Reunion in Akron, Sept. 1-4.

Coast Guard Vets.—To contact other veterans  
and to complete roster, report to N. J. Schank, 3241  
N. Ashland av., Chicago, Ill.

Natl. Tuscania Survivors Assoc.—Annual con-  
vention and reunion, Kenosha, Wis., Feb. 5. Fred  
A. Scholey, pres., 6632 Twentieth av., Kenosha.

U. S. S. Lakeport—Proposed reunion of former crew.  
F. A. Hanley, 16 Fordham court, Albany, N. Y.

2nd SANITARY TRN.—Proposed organization of vet-  
erans of Ambulance Co. No. 1 and Field Hosp. No. 1,  
2d Div. Write to Carl A. Giles, Chief of Police, Em-  
den, Ky.

DEPT. OF PENNSYLVANIA, A. L., will hold its con-  
vention in Erie, Pa., Aug. 16-18. All veterans outfits,  
especially 28th, 79th and 80th Divisions and other

Pa. units, are in-  
vited to hold re-  
unions at that time  
and place. Allan  
H. MacLean,  
chmn, reunions  
comm., 713 Plum  
st., Erie.

THE SALUTING DEMON  
OF THE A. E. F. MAKES  
A BIG HIT WITH A  
BRAND NEW "LOOIE"  
OF AVIATION -

Man! that is snappy!! - You  
trail along with me - and every  
time you throw me a  
hi-ball like that,  
I'll buy you  
one!!



**W**hile we are  
unable to con-  
duct a general  
missing per-  
sons column,  
west and ready  
to assist in lo-  
cating men  
whose state-  
ments are re-  
quired in sup-  
port of various  
claims. Que-  
ries and responses should be directed  
to the Legion's National Rehabilitation  
Committee, 600 Bond Building, Wash-  
ington, D. C. The committee wants  
information in the following cases:

1ST ANTI-AIRCRAFT M. G. BN., MED. CORPS, Hq.  
Co. or Co. C—Former members who recall Pvt.  
George A. CALL being in bn. hosp. at Liverdun,  
France, Aug., 1918 with double hernia and heart at-  
tack; also in Mar.-1919, at Vyrac, Gironde, France, in  
bn. hosp. with heart trouble and neuritis.

35TH ENGRS., Co. G—2nd Lt. DAHL, Sgts. Frankie  
E. BURNS and Joseph J. POWERS, Cpl. Edward M.  
FORAKER and Pvt. 1st cl. John A. SARGENT to assist  
James S. CARTWRIGHT.

M. P. Co., 89TH DIV.—Capt. John L. CROFUT,  
Med. Sgt. Ray F. McMULLEN, Pvt. Phil MORRIS,  
Frederick GASS to assist Ray CHESTER.

26TH INF., Hq. Co., 1st Div.—Former members  
who served with Sgt. James S. CLARK in front line  
trenches at Mont Sec., Jan.-Mar., 1918, and hiked to  
Montdidier, Noyes and Cantigny.

ADV. ORD. DEPOT NO. 4—Mess Sgt. Ed LANTZ and  
other men in M. L. Co. who recall head and neck in-  
jury sustained by Henry J. CRESTO in truck accident.  
Treated at infirmary, Jonchery, France, then sent to  
Base Hosp. No. 15 at Chaumont; also nurse and men  
in that hosp., Apr.-1919.

45TH C. A. C., BTRY. B, 48TH C. A. C., BTRY. D,  
and Co. B, PROV. M. G. BN.—Capt. Bryan S. DICK-  
ERSON and Eugene D. MACLEWING, 1st Lts. William  
E. BELL and Walter L. MCCORMICK, 2d Lts. Augustus  
J. BEAUPRE and Roy R. KREBS, 1st Sgt. Harry E.  
SCHLERER and others who recall illness of Roy E.  
DAVIS at Guitres or Bordeaux, France, just before  
returning home from A. E. F.

PROVOST GUARD CO., Base Hosp. and RECRUIT CO.,  
CAMP SHELLEY, MISS.—Ex-Cooks MAY and ANDER-  
SON and others who recall nervous disability of James  
J. ELLIOTT, cook, during 1918-19.

347TH INF., 87TH DIV., also 163rd D. B.—Men who  
recall George William Fiers being struck on head with  
blackjack at St. George, France, July-1918; also time  
he had nose broken by some N. C. O., also doctors at  
Base 35 who attended him for head injuries.

336TH F. A., BTRY. A—Men who recall Pvt. Charles

F. J. FRACKE being injured in Army motor truck at Le  
Blanc, France, Oct.-1918, and treated at regtl. dis-  
pensary.

ROBERTS, Anna, formerly of Chicago, Illinois. In-  
formation wanted regarding her whereabouts as she is  
beneficiary of adjusted compensation certificate of  
brother who died at Sheboygan, Wis., 1931.

18TH ENGRS., Co. D—Men who recall Pvt. Elin R.  
HAMILTON becoming exhausted while assisting un-  
load S. S. Matsania, Mar. 26, 1918, also disabled in  
June-1918 while on carpenter detail.

7TH F. A., BTRY. D—CAMPBELL, ex-cook, Pvts.  
HILLMAN, BOSCOE and others who remember Nels M.  
HANSEN.

U. S. S. Mount Vernon—Two or three ex-firemen  
who were saved but badly crippled when *Mount*  
*Vernon* was torpedoed on Sept. 5, 1918, to assist  
Erving Ezra HARVEY.

5TH ENGRS., Co. C—Sgt. Dave G. WILKINS and  
others who recall Clarence KITCHELL falling through  
shell hole in upstairs of billet at Bouville (Bouillon-  
ville?), France, 9 p. m., Nov. 20, 1918.

FIELD HOSP. No. 1, A. E. F.—Former members of  
staff, patients, etc., who recall James G. MARTIN.

4TH INF., Hq. Co., 3d Div.—WILLIAMS, ambulance  
driver, SLEETER, med. det., and others who recall  
John E. MILLER being assigned by STEPHENS, regtl.  
surgeon, to ride in horse-drawn ambulance during last  
two days of outfit's hike to Plaidt, Germany, in Army  
of Occupation, because of heart condition and other  
after-effects as result of having been gassed.

308TH INF., Co.  
C, 77TH DIV.—  
Men of "Lost Bat-  
talion" in Argonne  
Forest, Oct. 2,  
1918, who recall  
William Monk  
having been  
wounded by  
shrapnel and  
gassed during five  
days this group  
was cut off from  
the division.

134TH F. A.—  
Officer who recalls  
Harry E. RAINES,  
lost from his outfit  
while moving in  
French horse-  
drawn trucks near  
Villen, France,  
suffering from rup-  
ture and being  
permitted to ride  
on front seat with  
him. Officer may  
recall telling  
Raines not to light  
match in driver's  
face—also man's  
reference to 101  
Ranch outfit.

2d F. S. BN., Co. C—Edwin E. MARTIN, Frank P.  
PAIRS, Arthur J. FOX, Carver T. REMINGTON, Magnus  
FLATER, Roy C. SHARPE and others who recall Fred-  
erick SCHEPPLER, telephone operator suffering from  
rheumatism of both legs and arm at Meudt, Ger-  
many, Feb., 1919, and treatment in temporary hospital.

12TH Co., C. A. C., FORT WOOD, VA.—Med. corps  
man who treated Hiram STRIBLING for stomach trou-  
ble, between May and Aug., 1918.

158TH INF., 40TH DIV.—Men connected with hospi-  
tal at Jussy, France, Sept. 15 to Oct. 6, 1918, to assist  
George C. WILLIAMS of Hq. Co., 157th Inf.

5TH ENGRS., CAMP A. A. HUMPHREYS, VA., 1919—  
Pvt. RENKROB, Richard CALVERT and others who re-  
call Arthur G. HAMMEN, Co. E, suffering from leg  
and foot disability. Treatment at camp hospital.

M. O. T. C., CAMP GREENLEAF, GA.—Maj. A. D.  
PARCE, M. C., to assist Sgt. Dale V. WILLOUGHBY.

2d CAV., TROOP C, Ft. Meyer, Va., 1916-18; 11TH  
CAV., TROOP F, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., 1918; 4TH CAV.,  
TROOP N, McAllen, Tex.; 14TH CAV., TROOP H, Ft.  
Des Moines, Iowa, 1920-21—Former members who  
recall Eric O. BRASCH suffering from foot trouble.

GREAT LAKES NAV. TRNG. STA.—The section chief  
occupying private room with Wilson DOBYNS, east  
section old brick barracks A, main camp, when  
DOBYNS was operated on at dispensary Dec. 1918 to  
Jan. 1919—also other men examined and sworn in at  
main enlistment office, May 3, 1918.

NAVAL AVIATION SERV.—Capt. EVANS at La Pauil-  
lac, France, Lt. Comdr. ALPINE, M. C., at Kill-  
ingholme, Eng., and Capt. JOHNSON on U. S. S. *Hanley* at  
Philadelphia, Pa., to assist William Henry RHODES.

AN ADDED convention reunion at  
Miami, Florida, is that of the U. S. A.  
Canal Zone Veterans Association, including  
the 5th, 29th and 33d Inf., 12th Cav., 1st  
Sep. Mountain Art., C. A. C., Aviation  
Corps, M. C., Q. M. C. and other units.

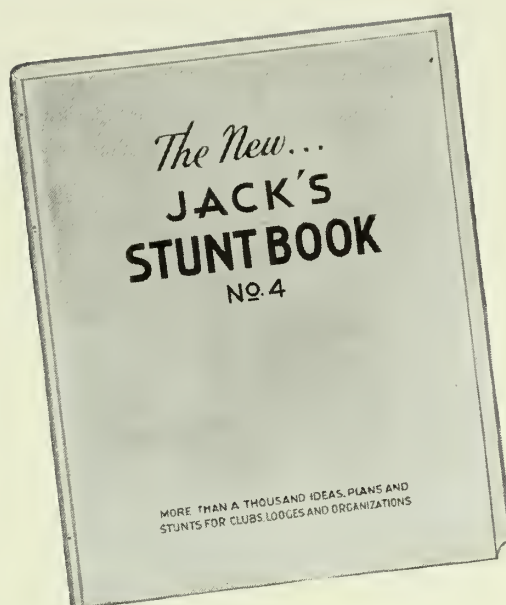
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